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Happier New Year

AS WE LISTEN this time to the usual New Year's bells and whistles—heard, as usual, over the radio—candor forces us to admit that the forecast for 1946 is, at best, cloudy with showers. Things are in a good deal of a mess at home and abroad.

The value of our money is in danger of being siphoned away by inflation; and instead of seeking to prevent this, many of our business leaders are abetting it. Our returning war heroes are sleeping in railroad stations for lack of those roofs which we as a nation obstinately refused to construct during 1933-39 when we had the men, money, materials, time—everything but the will. When the boys went away, we patted their shoulders and promised them their jobs back; but now it turns out that (a) the job no longer exists (b) another fellow, with a wife and kids, has it and (c) we want to pay off in 60-cent dollars on a 100-cent obligation. Workers all over the country protest that wage cuts which employers are making are creating impossible conditions for them as individuals and for the nation collectively; and employers, as a whole, obviously feel a grim and secret delight over the hope that they may soon be top dog again.

Abroad, things don't look too good, either. "Dirty scoundrel" is the nearest to a pet name we can think of for our late glorious allies as we bicker as to whether blood poured out in common is worth 2.25 percent or only 1.62. Our haste to bring the boys home is so great that some of our recent enemies are covertly rubbing their hands in glee and practising a few goosesteps out behind the barn. Many of them, to be sure, are in no

mood for such antics; several million of both our enemies and our friends are quietly sitting down by the roadside to die of starvation, while American cheeks shine fatly with the good edibles we are stowing away at the highest per-capita rate in history.

We talk peace and good will; but the realistic Russians, and others, note that we still keep the secret of the atomic fuse, and are still making the bombs full tilt—for experimental purposes purely, of course. Nor are we the only sinners whose repentance is not wholly certified. British troops in Java, acting on behalf of the Allied Supreme Command, have burned several villages *not* named Lidice; Russia is asking for a section of Turkey quite as though she had not heard of the United Nations Organization; or as though she were in a hurry to get a grim piece of business over before UNO can open its new-born big blue eyes and begin to look reproachful.

Does all this add up into pessimism? Not necessarily. There are items to put into the other side of the scale. After all, we won the shooting war; the daily slaughter of young men on battlefields and civilians in cities has been stopped. True, we won it by the narrowest possible margin; the fascists had victory—worldwide victory—within reach at least three or four times and then booted it away. It is only plain luck that this New Year, Jews in New York are not wearing the Star of David, that the editors of the *New Republic* are not dying or dead in a concentration camp, that a brown-shirt censor does not sit in Mr. Reid's office at the New York *Herald Tribune*. In a sense, we are all liv-

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ing on borrowed time, which is a good reason why we should be careful what we do with it.

One year ago this week, the Battle of the Bulge was still undecided; the Russians were stopped short at the Vistula; and here at home pessimism was so black that we actually suspended the racetracks, dog and horse. Two years ago, Leningrad was still under siege, and American forces had just landed on New Britain Island. Four years ago, of course, we were still sick and dizzy from the shock of Pearl Harbor, preparing to bluff through the next year or more of a war we were not actually strong enough to fight.

Since the V days, E and J, we have suffered some bad moral defeats; but not one of them is irreparable. The world which failed the League of Nations before, is getting a seldom-in-centuries second chance, and this time with the United States and Russia in at the start. Our Congress is at last moving to do something more adequate about European starvation. The very worst of our Tories are more advanced than those of a quarter-century ago; society's obligation to all its members on a basis of right and not charity is now past the debating point even here, in the most conservative big power in the world. Out of the war have come a whole flock of inventions and discoveries which could be used to make man's life on this planet better and easier. In short, and since every one of our troubles is of our own creation, there is no real reason why this cannot be a happier New Year—if we are willing to try.

What's Back of the GM Strike

PRESIDENT TRUMAN at one stroke has put a completely new face on the General Motors strike. With his casual announcement that the profits of any company are certainly a legitimate subject of inquiry for a fact-finding board investigating a proposed wage increase, he has put himself squarely behind the main contention of the UAW. As we go to press, the strikers and GM are engaged in an attempt to settle the dispute, with the realization that the President's special board will enter the picture on December 28 if an agreement has not yet been reached.

Both sides have good reason to want the strike to end at once. GM is bitterly resisting any opening of its books, even though the facts elicited are to be kept from both the strikers and the general public. Yet it knows that stubbornness now may seriously damage it in the eyes of the country. The strikers on the other hand are well aware that if it comes to a siege, the company can hold out longer than they can; the carry-back provisions of the federal tax law enable GM to come off about as well financially when it doesn't produce as when it does.

Whatever the outcome of the strike, the UAW has performed a social service of the greatest magnitude

in bringing this issue into the focus of national attention; and it is regrettable that in the bitterness of the controversy, up to the time of President Truman's statement, this aspect of the matter had been minimized. The UAW is not fighting merely for more money for its members. It is fighting for the fundamental principle of high wages to maintain high mass purchasing power to prevent depression. The UAW leaders recognize that inflation would rob the workingman of a great part of his apparent gains—and indeed, is already doing so. They don't want a pay increase which would be of an inflationary character. Their policy of high wages for general prosperity is one to which the heads of most big industrial organizations agree, in theory; but in the case of General Motors, and undoubtedly other companies as well, this theoretical agreement breaks down at once under the test of cold hard fact. In an important series of articles beginning in the *New Republic* next week, Mr. George Soule will analyze the fantastic profits which business has made during the war, after all taxes; and the equally fantastic future profits that are in prospect. But as to General Motors, it is sufficient at the moment to notice the contemptuous way in which its spokesmen insist on their right to make whatever profits they can, at whatever cost to the general welfare.

For a complete contrast to the social policy of the UAW, we have only to look at the position of Mr. John L. Lewis. Mr. Lewis is famous for his attitude, many times repeated and practically in these words, of *The Public Be Damned*. He does not care whether wage increases are or are not inflationary, just so the coal miners get them. Over and over again he has done what he is now doing once more: he has tacitly invited the mine owners to join with him in a conspiracy against the public pocketbook, by first raising wages and then putting up the price of coal in order to pay the bill. Since coal is an important element in the cost of power, used by almost every industry, the inflationary tendency of such an increase needs no underlining here. Mr. Lewis is at present engaged in a campaign to turn the working miners against the OPA, by lachrymose appeals to "sacred free private enterprise"; it is obvious that he wants free-for-all inflation on the ground that he can protect the miners against its results, and the devil take the hindmost.

The principle that has been brought forward by the UAW will obviously throw a long shadow forward beyond the end of the GM strike. Labor today is on the brink of assuming new and important public responsibilities. No longer does it say that prices, inflation, profits and the national rate of saving are outside its sphere. From now on, the most advanced unions will act not only in the interest of their members, but in the interest of sound national policy as well; they will leave to the John L. Lewises the backstairs dickering with the employer which puts money into the pay enve-

lope with one hand and steals it away with the other, through inflation in the cost of living. That new attitude represents one of the most profoundly significant social developments in the postwar world.

Still Making Bombs

Professor Harold Urey, one of the great figures in atomic-bomb research, has now revealed what many people had already heard from other sources. The atomic bombs of today are *several hundred times* more powerful than those dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. One of the new bombs, exploded in the center of New York City, would completely destroy the town from the Battery to 125th Street. Presumably, still stronger ones are in the offing. An enemy who put twenty bombs, each with a time fuse, into twenty trunks, and checked one in the baggage room of the main railroad station in each of twenty leading American cities, could wipe this country off the map so far as military defense is concerned.

It becomes more evident every day that effective international control of the bomb is the top question confronting the world. Yet the United States continues to make more bombs, "for experimental purposes." Surely our stockpile is now large enough for any possible experiments that are contemplated. Marquis W. Childs, writing in his syndicated column, says that our policy is chiefly the work of Major General Leslie R. Groves. General Groves was liaison man for the Army with the atomic-bomb scientists; but he is not a scientist and his views on the future of the bomb are contradicted by practically every scientist in the field. Mr. Childs believes it is Groves who is chiefly responsible for our present policy of secrecy and continued manufacture. Even if he were an expert on the subject, no one man should have such a responsibility, and least of all, a dogmatic layman such as the General has demonstrated himself to be.

Letting in the Refugees

The current immigration law of the United States permits the entry of 153,000 persons per year, carefully juggled so as to bring in a maximum proportion of "Nordics" from Great Britain and Northwestern Europe, including Germany. During the war, immigration almost came to a standstill; this was partly because of the conflict and partly because of an unwritten gentlemen's agreement between Congress and the State Department. The Department tacitly promised that it would cut immigration to a tiny trickle provided Congress would refrain from passing a new law still further restricting entry or abolishing it altogether.

President Truman has now ordered that we shall resume immigration from Europe, at the same time asking Congress not to close the gate still farther. From the countries where destitution is greatest, the total annual immigration permitted is only 39,000 per year,

and the law will be strictly observed. The President says the immigrants will be mainly orphans, that private welfare agencies will guarantee they won't become public charges, that all races and creeds will be equably represented, and that they won't interfere with the return of our soldiers or their wives and children.

No doubt the President was actuated partly by humanitarian motives; and the need is so great that any assistance, however small, should be welcomed. In part, Mr. Truman may have been meeting British criticism that while we have told them to open Palestine to the Jews, we ourselves have done precious little for the refugees. What we ought to do would be to let the immigrants specified under the quotas for the next five years come into the United States at once, and appropriate federal funds for loans to help the new arrivals get on their feet. The President, however, evidently feels that Congress is in a mean-hearted mood about further immigration; it is a sad day for America if he is right.

Lindbergh Rides Again

Arresting headlines proclaimed that prewar isolationist Charles A. Lindbergh advocated in a recent speech a world organization backed by military power and guided by Christian ideals. Before, however, one is ready to shout lusty hallelujahs at the news of conversion, he had better read the speech; it is alarming for the cause of peace and humanity, which Lindbergh claims to espouse. He is deeply disturbed at the prospect of an atomic war fought in the age of the world-encircling airpower. That catastrophe he would avoid by world organization. The basis of that world state cannot be, he maintains, the "equality of man," for that would hand over control of the world to the nations with the largest populations—India, China and Russia. The world organization must be controlled, therefore, by the nations of "ability"—the "Western peoples."

No believer in naked force, but in power tempered by morality, Lindbergh points to the fate of the Nazi regime as a horrible example of what happens when Christian virtues are forgotten. Indeed, he is saddened by the lack of Christian qualities in the postwar world as shown by our "complacency" at the hanging of Mussolini, at the "court trials of our conquered enemies" and in "our attitude toward the famine-stricken peoples we have defeated." There is no similar concern for the victims of Nazism. Lindbergh is so eager to forgive the enemies of mankind that he seems to have little sympathy for mankind itself. Through "an organization led by Western peoples," including a forgiven Germany, he is actually proposing to gang up on Russia as a Christian crusade. This is the real meaning of the speech and is in fact the new America First line. Not their ends but their means have changed.

Fascism's Survival Power

EIGHT MONTHS after the end of war, a resurgence of conservatism, reaction and fascism is a reality throughout Europe. The election victories of the Small Landholders Party in Hungary and of the Christian Democrats in Austria are symptomatic. Even the avowedly democratic and progressive Mouvement Republicain Populaire in France has become an orphanage for politically stranded Vichyites. But in Italy, the cradle of fascism, this trend is more noticeable than elsewhere because circumstances are more favorable, though not unique.

The Italian crisis, solved temporarily with the formation of the de Gasperi government, was deliberately provoked by the so-called Liberal Party on the issue of purging public officials who shared the guilt of fascism. Backed, in spite of its name, by big and small business alike, it has become a refuge for civil servants who seek to hold on to their jobs. Its offensive, however, and that of other conservatives (like the movement led by Francesco Nitti, who is supported by former Premiers Orlando and Bonomi) has a greater objective than merely making Italy safe for former Fascists. Its immediate purpose is to discredit democracy before it has had a chance to function.

For instance, Nitti's organization, the Unione Nazionale per la Ricostruzione, has issued a manifesto which, though it pays lip-service to democracy, advocates the dissolution of the liberation committees. "The so-called purge system," it says, "which has paralyzed and ruined the industry, should disappear. . . . Centralism of government should be restored. . . . Anti-fascism should terminate and be replaced by the morality of the free man. . . . Order is the fundamental basis of democracy." At a recent speech in Naples' famous San Carlo Theatre, Nitti, surrounded by the leaders of the Neapolitan nobility and upper bourgeoisie, denounced the plans of the Committees of National Liberation for socialization and internationalization in industry and agriculture as criminal and catastrophic.

But more important than the parties of vested interest is a new mass movement, l'Uomo Qualunque. Led by the dynamic Guglielmo Giannini, an admitted Fascist who joined the Fascist Party as late as 1941 after having served in the Propaganda Ministry in the thirties, l'Uomo Qualunque now claims a total membership of two million, among them hundreds of thousands of former Fascists. Its weekly organ, *l'Uomo Qualunque*, has an estimated circulation of more than 500,000—more than the combined circulation of Rome's 23 dailies, including the national newspapers of the anti-Fascist parties.

Giannini boasts that he can elect a majority of 337

delegates to the Constituent Assembly which is to convene before April 30, 1946. Although Giannini has not committed himself on the crucial constitutional question of monarchy versus republic, the friendly approval given his movement by the monarchist organ, *Italia Nuova*, and the abuse heaped upon it by the anti-Fascist parties suggest the general direction of his ideas. He speaks of the "administrative state" he plans to set up, and of his intention to make l'Uomo Qualunque worldwide in order to rid the world of "professional politicians." "America, too," he is reported saying, "has been the victim of professional politicians. You, too, have been fooled by four successive terms of Roosevelt, which brought you into the war and caused many Americans to die." No wonder that Giannini blames Mussolini for his strategic mistakes only, not for his general policy.

The reasons for the emergence of the l'Uomo Qualunque in Italy and similar movements in other countries are not far to seek. (A renaissance of Nazism in Germany is equally possible.) To a large extent the blame rests squarely with the Anglo-American powers which have not only discouraged anti-Fascist groups in Italy and Germany, but have encouraged conservatives and reactionaries. But the reasons go deeper. Fascism and Nazism, at the time of their birth and during the early years of their usurpation of power, in fact responded, or pretended to respond, to widely felt needs of the Italian and German peoples. Inflation, unemployment and the inability of the democratic parties to resolve these and other difficulties of a capitalist economy were the godfathers of fascism. The masses, especially the politically unsophisticated lower middle class and the peasantry, easily succumbed to the propaganda of the fascist rabble-rousers. Though defeated in war, the peoples of Germany and Italy were keenly aware of the rivalries among the big powers.

The same conditions exist in Italy today and are likely, as we have said, to develop in Germany. Defeat in war and economic disaster do not provide a suitable breeding-ground for democracy. The failure of Italy's Committee of National Liberation and the governments built on it—both hamstrung by the conservative policy of the Anglo-American Allies—to introduce basic reforms, has created a sense of frustration among anti-Fascists, and discontent and disillusionment among the people. It is not difficult, therefore, for a paper like *l'Uomo Qualunque* to undermine public confidence in democracy by comparing it with the very questionable advantages of fascism.

Typical of the feelings of Italy's anti-Fascists is the following statement of former Premier Ferruccio Parri, who was ousted by the maneuvers of the country's reactionaries inside the Committee of National Liberation, who actually play into the hands of the neo-Fascist movement of Guglielmo Giannini:

This is a situation which can be defined as pre-fascism, or preparation of fascism. This is no blackmail, but a warning. . . .

Those who have imputed this lack of confidence in us abroad know that both in Washington and in London there is one serious reason for the distrust—the impression that our democratic governments are a fragile façade behind which the new march of fascism is being organized. And our crises prove to them the puny quality of our anti-fascism. We are not faced with a picayune ministerial crisis. We are face to face with a profound political crisis. . . .

Civil war in Italy is not altogether out of the question. As in Greece, it may be provoked by the Right, either in order to gain power directly or to forestall the elections and preserve the status quo by forcing Allied intervention. Washington and London should make it unmistakably clear to Italy's monarchists, reactionaries and Fascists that their efforts will not be condoned. At the same time the Anglo-Americans should and must lend all their support to the democratic forces in Italy and Germany, whose task, as now appears, is far greater than the promise of the resistance movements had led one to suppose.

Behind the Scenes in Iran

ALTHOUGH an autonomous Azerbaijan Province, separate from Iran, is now a *fait accompli*, the trouble in that part of the world is far from ended. In Iran are all the ingredients of serious international dispute: oil, airways, imperialism, dollar diplomacy, overlapping security zones, antagonistic philosophies of government, native populations ripened for revolution by generations of serfdom. Political disintegration has been developed by half a century of struggle for power. No instrument less delicate than a neutral UNO commission charged with supervising economic, social and political reform in Iran, and keeping out all big-power interference during that period, could possibly meddle in Iran without harm to everyone.

Each party to the big-power game being played there came to the table with a marked deck. To understand Russian suspicions of the American role, it might be well to outline a hypothetical similar situation south of our own border.

Iran borders Russia from the Black Sea across the Crimean to Afghanistan in an "incense-route" version of Mexico's relation to us. Let us imagine that there are British troops in southern Mexico which, we understand, are arming reactionary tribesmen there, and a hostile and authoritarian government in Mexico City *en rapport* with British representatives and with two Russian military missions advising that government. We know that the head of one of those missions, at least, is as anti-Yankee as Peron himself.

The United States, meantime, occupies two border provinces—say Sonora and Chihuahua. The people there are revolting against the oppression of absentee landlords, peonage, iron-handed rulers. Their rebellion has been stimulated by exposure to our own freer way of life, and by a little left-handed proselytizing on the part of fellow Mexicans in New Mexico and Texas, possibly with inspiration from Washington.

The three powers involved are deeply interested in Mexican oil. We, additionally, are pursuing that same interest in a secure border that sent a couple of American expeditions into Mexico in the early 1900's.

The Russians invite us and the British to withdraw on January 1, although we are not obligated to withdraw, by the terms of a tripartite treaty with Great Britain and Mexico, until the first of March. Would we be likely cheerfully to accept such an invitation, especially if we knew that the Red Army missions had recently signed two-year contracts to "strengthen" the Mexican security police? Would we intervene on the side of the government in the "brave struggle" of a democratic party for popular rule and a decent way of life?

This is not exactly the State Department or the Foreign Office version of what is going on in Iran. It is a version suggested by some recent remarks on the floor of the House by Republican Representative Mundt of South Dakota—an ultra-conservative in domestic affairs. He checked with the War Department and found out that the American military missions to the Teheran government of Mohammed Reza Pahlevi have been agreed upon for two years, and that American Colonel H. Norman Schwarzkopf, Russophobe to his polished boots, commands thousands of those same Iranian gendarmerie who were denied access to Russian-occupied Azerbaijan. These evidences of American interference struck Representative Mundt as "backing

FOR THE RECORD—FROM THE RECORD

Mr. Short, Republican of Missouri: I am against it [the UNRRA appropriation] with all my heart and soul. I talk as I vote and vote as I talk. So long as I know they have crown jewels of the King and the Czar—and I have seen them—they are brilliant and would bring a neat sum on any market today, enough to run any government for quite a while—as long as they wear ermine and emeralds in London and Moscow, as long as foreign assets are hidden in nearly every country of the world, I am not going to vote for \$1 to take butter and bacon, cornpone and sowbelly out of the mouths of my poor people. You can take that for what it is worth. . . .

Miss Sumner, Republican of Illinois: What did you get out of the war but communism and corpses? —From the Congressional Record of December 6, 1945.

up a long way from the pious phrases once enunciated in the Atlantic Charter."

The real American position in Iran, complicated by the TWA and Pan-American Airways, Standard Oil, independent oil companies and other business interests, may not be well known to the American public, but Moscow seems to feel it is no mystery. President Roosevelt's occasional pressures on the young King to equalize opportunities for his people, and royal promises to do so as soon as Iranian "independence" was fully restored, are thin satisfaction to Moscow. The impression there is clearly that the United States as well as Great Britain is putting starch into an anti-Russian, anti-democratic Iranian government, that this policy is leading to a *cordon sanitaire* running from Gibraltar and above Italy and Greece and Turkey across the Middle Eastern littoral, and that Russian security requires it be challenged. Here, as in the Balkans, suspicious Russia is trying to build border security, mile by stubborn mile.

As for Great Britain's special interests in this part of the world, they are common knowledge. Not only does she want the same things in this whole region that the other great powers do, but her politics is complicated by the need, whether real or imaginary, of a safe and secure "lifeline of empire" through the Mediterranean and the Red Sea to India and the East.

Russia, of course, cannot admit publicly the exact degree to which she has pulled the strings in the setting up of the "independent" Azerbaijan, but there can be few people anywhere in the world who believe that there were no such strings.

Clifton Daniel, writing from Teheran in the *New York Times*, gives some facts about life in Iran that indicate an agrarian feudalism more vicious than that now under attack from MacArthur's directives in Japan. He says:

Even in normal times, the vast majority of this predominantly agricultural country live in a state of peonage. Experts estimate that less than one percent of the land is owned by small holders. The remainder is held by landlords, probably 75 percent of whom are absentee proprietors who live in the towns. Some holdings are said to measure more than 100 square miles each.

The sharecropping system is worthy of an Iranian *Grapes of Wrath* or *Tobacco Road*. The system demands one share each for water, seed, animals, land and labor. If a cropper contributes only his labor, he gets only one-fifth of the product of his work. Some landlords give their tenants more than the law requires, but they are exceptional. . . .

Iran is a nation in rags. Abject misery is graven on most facts.

Mr. Daniel further reports rampant malaria and venereal disease, and an infant-mortality rate higher than 50 percent.

All this is the stuff of civil war, stuff which gives an open invitation to outside interference, especially by

powers playing for security stakes. The United States, in opposing any open or tacit Russian support to challenges of Iranian sovereignty, places itself uncomfortably on the side of the privileged parasites of Teheran, when our natural sympathy lies with the freedom-minded sharecroppers and intellectuals of the Tudeh Party, and even with the angry Azerbaijanians who call themselves "democrats."

These natural sympathies of ours are complicated, not only in Iran but everywhere else in the world, by our own ideological prepossessions. In most places, what is urgently needed is to break the grip of greedy landlords, usurious money lenders, hard-hearted employers of sweatshop labor in factories. But the dominant American policies are those of people reluctant to interfere so drastically with the sacred cause of free enterprise. The result in many cases—in Italy, for example, as we point out elsewhere in this issue—is that we temporize, we play with the rightists, until the plain people, who desperately need help, lose all faith in the Americans and their glittering but unrealized promises.

Certainly, so far as Iran is concerned, there can be agreement of the great powers without "appeasement" of Russia. There can be pressure for Iranian reform without menacing Iranian sovereignty. Without compromising anyone, there can be withdrawal of American military missions, a fuller explanation to the American people of our Janus-faced role in Iran, and a moderation of British influences inciting Soviet suspicion.

In addition to the humanitarian consideration, the problem of a decent life for the voiceless peoples of Iran, is the frightening consideration of an Iranian threat to Big Three harmony at a time when the fledgling UNO is almost ready to try its wings. Neither has yet been approached directly or fairly by the State Department. It may be that Mr. Byrnes can do a more skillful and understanding job on both in Moscow.

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A Journal of Opinion

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Reparations for Peace

by Heinz Eulau

AFTER WORLD WAR I the Allies faced the dilemma of either obtaining large reparations payments from Germany, thereby strengthening her economically and politically, or reducing their demand for compensation. The result is well known. In order to acquire foreign exchange for monetary reparations, Germany not only had to expand her foreign commerce, making possible a favorable balance of trade, but she was forced to depend on a continuously increasing influx of foreign credits in order to meet her obligations. The ensuing distortion and finally the collapse of the world economic structure in the great depression was due, in part, to these arbitrary arrangements.

This experience has given direction to Allied reparations policy after World War II. That Germany should repair the damage inflicted on the victims of her aggression is only just. But in order to avoid the disastrous consequences of monetary reparations, it was decided at the Potsdam Conference that Germany's payments should be covered chiefly by the removal of industrial capital equipment. This policy seemed the more feasible since it implemented the Allied industrial-disarmament program which is designed to deprive Germany of her capacity to produce for war.

The basic features of Allied reparations and disarmament policy were outlined in the Potsdam Declaration. But a new dilemma became immediately apparent. As critical observers—the editors of the *New Republic* among them—have pointed out, if for reasons of security Germany's economy is greatly weakened, her economic difficulties might again threaten the political stability of Europe. This would certainly have been the case if the loosely worded Potsdam Declaration had been interpreted in terms of the Morgenthau plan which envisaged the de-industrialization of Germany and her transformation into a predominantly agricultural country.

It is significant, therefore, that the American State Department has now published its interpretation of the Potsdam Declaration regarding reparations and Germany's peacetime economy. Its key is the statement that "it is our desire to see Germany's peacetime economy geared to a world system and not an autarchical

system." In other words, it recognizes that peace is more than military security, that it is a dynamic system of economic and political security as well. The choice is not between security and prosperity, but of security through prosperity.

Equally important, perhaps, is the State Department's clarification of the highly controversial clause of the Potsdam Declaration that in organizing the German economy "primary emphasis shall be given to the development of agricultural and peaceful domestic industries." This clause is to mean, according to the State Department, that "the maximum possible provision be made for exports from sources other than the metal, machinery and chemical industries." It is not to mean, as the advocates of the Morgenthau plan hold, that Germany should support herself chiefly through home-grown agricultural products. If the proponents of the Morgenthau plan had their way, Germany's de-industrialization and transformation into a predominantly agricultural country would have had the inevitable effect of depressing the whole international economy whose continued expansion is the only sure road to peace.

Both the reparations and industrial-disarmament programs are predicated, therefore, not on an arbitrary decision, but on the ultimate economic recovery of Germany and her reintegration in the world economy. Already in the preparatory stage, which is now under way and which is to end on February 2, 1946, when the two-year reparations and industrial-disarmament stage is to begin, the eventual economic unification and recovery of Germany and the termination of military occupation are to be taken into account. The first objective is, of course, that Germany make the maximum possible contribution to the liberated countries, even at the cost of delaying her own recovery.

A major item would be the export of coal. It has now been reported that the British government intends to place the Ruhr coal fields and other Ruhr industries under public ownership. Administration of Ruhr resources and industries would be put into the hands of an international commission, including representatives of the four occupying powers as well as Belgium, Holland and possibly Luxembourg. Socialization of the Ruhr industries under United Nations control would not only deprive Germany's once powerful industrialists of their influence in German politics, thus eliminating one of the chief causes of the country's aggressive foreign policy, but it would also guarantee full production and full employment. This proposal contrasts favorably with the de-industrialization schemes planned

This is the fourth and last article in a series on Germany's economic future. The first, "Should Germany Be De-Industrialized?," appeared on October 8; the second, "Germany Cannot Be Agricultural," on October 15; the third, "German Industry and Europe's Trade," on October 22. — THE EDITORS

in other industries. It suggests, for instance, that a similar procedure might be adopted in the case of the I. G. Farben. By taking private profit out of the Ruhr and I. G. Farben industries, a solution would be reached which would serve the needs of Europe and the rest of the world without destroying the sources on which the Germans depend for their livelihood.

While the liberated areas will enjoy a higher priority than Germany in terms of world supply, sufficient food will be made available to prevent mass starvation. To maintain the level of 1,500 calories, substantial imports of foodstuffs, especially wheat, will be necessary. As the Potsdam Declaration has made no provision for the German standard of living during the first two periods of Allied occupation, these imports are to be governed by the "disease-and-unrest" formula. Such imports as will be made are designed, however, not only to prevent starvation, disease and political unrest, but also to serve "our interest in reactivating selected German export industries which would yield a volume of foreign exchange and as far as possible . . . repay the past outlays of the occupying powers on imports."

Even if there were no occupation and reparations program, German industrial production would be low for some time and the German people ill fed. But in the second stage, Germany is expected gradually to recover. Although industrial capital equipment will be removed as reparations, "plants will be earmarked for retention." Larger amounts of coal will be allocated to the German economy to increase industrial production. German exports should begin to approach a level where they can finance necessary imports.

UNDER THE Potsdam Declaration only such industrial capital equipment is to be removed as is "unnecessary for the German peace economy." If this provision applies to those industries which were primarily engaged in the production of armaments, the removal of plants can be regarded as salutary because, as Mr. Byrnes has pointed out, they "never served the German civilian" anyway. It should be emphasized in this connection that fascism meant the complete enslavement, in the literal sense of that word, of the German working class. Moreover, the top-heaviness of German industry, chiefly because of easy access to coal and iron resources, was to no small degree responsible for the vast expansion of the economically worthless manufacture of armaments. Reduction of the output of her heavy industries cannot, therefore, be considered economically harmful, provided an expanding consumption-goods industry can absorb the labor surplus.

But the needs of Germany's peacetime economy are also to determine the volume of available reparations. In other words, reparations proper are to be measured not arbitrarily, as was the case after the last war when her ability to pay was greatly overrated, but by a definite criterion. This criterion is to be the average stand-

ard of living of the European nations, except the Soviet Union and the United Kingdom. The standard-of-living criterion refers to the third stage of Allied occupation policy only. It means that after 1948 the German standard of living, in theory at least, is to be equivalent to the European average. (It is doubtful, however, that it will in fact reach that level.) In other words, the removal of industrial capital equipment shall not force a reduction in German living standards except as such reduction is required to meet reparations payments. It is not the intention of the United States, the State Department declares, "wantonly to destroy German structures and installations which can readily be used for permitted industrial activities. . . . The reparations and security policies of the United States are not designed to result in punitive destruction of capital equipment of value to the German peacetime economy."

HOW IS IT POSSIBLE to ascertain the average European standard of living in 1948 which Germany is not to exceed, but will in turn be used to determine the needs of her economy and, consequently, the amount of removals? The State Department assumes that the European standard of living in 1948 will approximate the average standard over the period 1930-38. The German standard—the basis of what is to be removed and of what is to be earmarked for retention—can be arrived at, in the view of the State Department, "by use of German consumption data in a year in which the German standard of living, as measured by national income indices, most closely approximated the 1930-38 average in Europe."

The State Department realizes, of course, that a number of adjustments will be necessary in order to estimate this average standard: allowance must be made for the territorial amputations in the East which, owing to expulsions, will greatly increase the population in the rump Reich; account must be taken of notable deviations in the pattern of German consumption from the normal pattern in the selected year; reasonable allowance must be made for reconstruction of the widespread damage in Germany herself; and sufficient resources must be left to enable Germany to exist without external assistance, *i.e.*, her export-import requirements must be taken into consideration.

In spite of recognizing that these adjustments will have to be made, the State Department fails to point out that national income is not necessarily an adequate device to measure standard of living. This is particularly true of the German economy under fascism. Germany's national income soared from 45,000 million marks in 1932 to almost 80,000 million in 1938. But while in 1932 only two percent of the national income was expended for armaments, in 1938 armament expenditures absorbed 34 percent. And while the cost-of-living index rose from 100 in 1932 to 107 in 1937, net real-wage rates declined from 100 to 87,

i. e., 13 percent during a period when business activity rapidly increased. Between 1932 and 1938, moreover, consumption of foodstuffs per head of population declined measurably, and there was a considerable deterioration of consumer goods. This decrease of the standard of living of the German people between 1932 and 1938 can hardly be gauged by the national income. It is expressed in the following statement of Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, who probably understood the working of the Nazi economy better than anybody else: "The less the people consume, the more work can be done on armaments production. The standard of living and the scale of armaments production must move in opposite directions."

GERMANY'S EXPORT NEEDS, therefore, are possibly a better criterion to estimate the amount of industrial equipment to be left in the country than the standard-of-living test, particularly since, as the State Department realizes, her standard of living will depend to a large extent on her export trade. The United States, the State Department declares, "does not seek to eliminate or weaken German industries of a peaceful character, in which Germany has produced effectively for world markets." All narrow considerations on the part of this or any other country are explicitly ruled out. The United States, the statement continues,

is opposed to the attempt of any other country to use the industrial-disarmament plan of the Berlin Declaration to its own commercial ends at the expense of a peacetime German economy. . . . The United States should not approve removals on such a scale that Germany would be unable, owing to a shortage of capital equipment, to export goods in sufficient quantities to pay for essential imports. Thus capacity should be left to enable Germany to produce for export goods which yield enough foreign exchange to pay for the imports required for a standard of living equal to the average in Europe.

This policy makes sense and should be accepted by all the occupying powers. In practice, however, the picture looks somewhat different. The Russians have not only removed heavy industrial equipment in their zone of occupation, but also plants producing consumer goods. According to the *New York Times* of July 4, 1945, "the Russian dismantling of German industry is not confined to armament works. In the Zehlendorf district, now under American control, a spinning mill, a sugar mill and various other plants have been thoroughly cleaned out. Factories of all types in the Russian-held areas are being combed in the same fashion for machinery needed in the Soviet Union." On August 9, 1945, the *Times* reported: "Industrial surveys of the British and American sectors show that it will be easier to restore 50 percent of prewar production to the Ruhr than five percent to Berlin, for the simple reason that nearly all the machinery has gone. Many factories suffered heavily from bombing, but

the official finding is that in the British sector of Berlin factories have had 90 percent of their machinery and raw materials removed." On September 9, 1945, Curt Riess reported in the *Times* Sunday Magazine: "It is well known that wherever the Red Army came, it proceeded to take apart speedily what was left of Germany's industrial plants and shipped everything to Russia. This has been going on, and still is, on a genuinely 'total' basis. I visited a number of such plants which were in relatively good working order when the fighting ended. Now the machines are gone. So are the freight cars and even the rails. So are the typewriters, fountain pens and all office equipment. . . ."

If these reports are true, the calculations of the State Department are largely theoretical as far as eastern Germany is concerned. Since (during the Weimar Republic) approximately 43 percent of industrial enterprises, employing about 42 percent of industrial labor, was located in this area, German production for export will be much smaller than might otherwise be the case. The State Department may have had these removals in mind when it declared that after reparations have been made, "it is doubtful that the German economy can operate for some time up to the limits of remaining industrial capacity, due to the limited availability of fuel, food, raw materials and the slow progress which can be made in filling the gap left by the Nazis in the economic and political organization of Germany." It may therefore be necessary for the United Nations to pay for imports over a longer period of time and to a greater degree than envisioned at Potsdam.

But as a statement of our reparation and industrial-disarmament policy, the State Department declaration is on the whole economically sound and politically desirable. Its chief merit consists in its realization that after Allied occupation troops have been withdrawn, the German people must be permitted, "under a peaceful democratic government of its own choice, to develop their own resources and to work toward a higher standard of living [than during the reparation and occupation periods. — H. E.], subject only to such restrictions designed to prevent production of armaments as may be laid down in the peace settlement."

THE FUTURE of Germany is inextricably linked to the future of Europe. Her political, economic and social problems are Europe's problems. Europe cannot be politically stable if fascism is not completely uprooted. German democracy cannot flourish if Germany is deprived of the ability to provide a decent standard of living for her people. Reparations will only replace the damage caused by Nazi aggression. After reparations have been made and industrial disarmament has been accomplished, Germany must be permitted to expand her economy to the advantage of her own people and the peoples of Europe. If Germany is made a slum area, the whole Continent will suffer. Ours is One World, and Germany is part of that world.

Purging the Text Books

by Mark Starr

Burn, burn all the books which teach hatred! Exalt labor and love! Let us create rational human beings, capable of crushing under foot the futile magnificence of barbaric glories, and of resisting those bloody ambitions of nationalism and imperialism which have crushed their brothers. — *Anatole France (speech at Tours, August, 1919).*

THE DEMOBILIZATION of the mind is just as necessary as the demobilization of the Nazi and Japanese armed forces, if we are going to build a United Nations which is really to be united. One fundamental reason why we are fumbling with world coöperation is that the present generation has been miseducated by its own nationalist textbooks. Each national group has written its own interpretation of past history, which prevents a fair and objective judgment of present and future developments. In its own history, every nation is the *Herrenvolk*. Huxley and Hadden defined a nation as "a society united by a common error as to its origin and a common aversion to its neighbors." Too often our textbooks perpetuate this bias, for school books in many instances are the only books the majority of people read.

The miseducation of the past prevents us from thinking clearly about national sovereignty and international coöperation. Nationalism so easily grows into imperialism by a natural desire of a group of people wishing to be sovereign over other people. Patriotism, which rightly interpreted should be a love of one's country and its inhabitants, too easily degenerates into hatred of other countries. Love of country becomes, in the logical growth of sovereignty, a love of more country—even if it belongs to other people.

The Atlantic Charter emphasized that all peoples should have the right to choose the form of government under which they live, and this usually involves the determination of national boundaries. But the economic realities of modern life undermine the geographical frontiers and, with the coming of the atomic-energy age, national frontiers lose significance.

The International Educational Organization, recently set up in London under UNO, has already emphasized the need for unbiased history as a factor

toward peace and international coöperation. Textbook revision is, of course, recognized as a necessity in Japan and Germany. Mikado worship was the predominant note in the schools of Nippon for many years before Pearl Harbor. The schools taught the divinity of the Emperor and also that Imperial laws could not be criticized, while a special commission compiled the permitted textbooks. However, there were protests, and M. Akira Ossawa, at the International Moral Education Congress at Geneva in 1924, proposed a higher ideal:

We ought to accord the first place in our history-teaching to a people's modes of daily life through the ages, its arts, literature, music, religion, ethics. First should come world history, afterward the national story. The national history should candidly note acts of injustice committed by one's own country; it should recognize the varying ideals and characters of nationalities; it should throw into relief the help rendered by the Fatherland, and by other countries, toward the general human weal. The illustrious names of other communities . . . should be remembered. The ideals of the Good, the Beautiful and the True should rise above those of brute force and hatred.

In Germany the Kaiser fled in 1918, but the textbooks glorifying him and his imperial predecessors remained. Article 148 of the Weimar Constitution, declaring that education must aim to create international peace among peoples, remained a dead letter. Some of the German textbooks explained Germany's defeat as "a treacherous stab in the back" and thus prepared Hitler's dupes, whose final suppression proved so costly in blood, sweat and tears.

Much of the misunderstanding between the United States and Great Britain is rooted in the biased textbooks upon which the present generation was reared. The British student never learned about the War of 1812. The story is told that when an American reproached a British professor with the burning of Washington, he replied: "Well, I knew about Joan of Arc and was heartily ashamed of that, but I never knew we did anything of the sort to Washington." Beginning noticeably in World War I, the British textbooks were at greater pains to give a more sympathetic interpretation to the American revolt against British rule. The English school children admire the noble heroes of Poitiers and Agincourt, while the French children's school books picture the same people as assassins, butchers and ravagers.

Instead of the question, "Who won the Battle of Waterloo?" being easy of answer, there are at least five different contradictory replies. The French were

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defeated not by the Germans or the British, but by internal treachery. In the German account, the Duke of Wellington played a very minor role. The British school boy, of course, learns about the Duke of Wellington and his invincible guards as the main figures in that historic incident, whereas another most convincing account gives credit to the Belgian ditch-diggers who halted the French assault and gave the British troops an opportunity to reform their ranks.

When one compares the accounts given of the Crimean War (1854) in the Russian and the British textbooks, the only common points in the two stories are the dates and the scene of the battlefield. The British school boy remembers the war through "The Charge of the Light Brigade." The Russian is told about the heroism of the defenders of Sevastopol.

Part of the trouble between the Indians and the British is the fact that the British school children are told about the Black Hole of Calcutta and the Well of Cawnpore. It is an even more terrible atrocity, the Well of Ujnalla, about which the Indians are told. In this relatively unpublicized incident, the murder of two Englishmen was followed by a mass execution of 500 natives who, still alive, were dumped into a well.

Investigators, of course, found out that in the United States the same textbooks cannot be used in the North and in the South and that states' rivalries are to be found in the examples given in arithmetic books.

So it goes, and it would be amusing if it did not produce such dread results in the latent suspicions which grow out of past miseducation and ignorance.

If the International Education Office is set up, it should establish a commission of recognized historians to displace tainted textbooks. Dr. Charles Beard, for example, might be given the job of writing the story of the British occupation of India. Bertrand Russell might describe how the United States obtained control of the Panama Canal. A Chinese historian might investigate the relations of Soviet Russia to the nations on her borders. Nehru might be asked to write the history of Europe, or of the Dutch in Java.

H. G. Wells and others have already attempted to see the human race as a whole and to describe some of its progress. It would be cheaper to build a bridge of mutual understanding than to attempt to create a Maginot Line, to conscript our youth for military training, or to become troglodytes in deep-down, rock-hewn caves to escape the bombs of future wars. We must prepare men and women to live in the twentieth century where the accidents of race and birth become more significant in the light of the impact of atomic energy upon our institutions. More than ever before, civilization must be shown as a collective achievement of the world's peoples, and its perpetuation their shared responsibility. The world awaits its Copernicus to rescue us from the egocentric view of our own national group.

The Forgotten Man in Washington

by John Perry

SENATOR BYRD: Do you think that government can ever compete with industry in paying wages?

MR. FLEMMING (Civil Service Commissioner): Not a chance in the world. — *From the hearings on the federal pay bill, S. 1415.*

THE PUBLIC TROUGH is an overrated feeding station. Seldom liberal with his rations, Uncle Sam has been getting stingier since 1941. The Senate a few days ago passed a bill to increase the pay of federal white-collar employees by an estimated total of about \$200 million; it remains to be seen whether the House will agree, and also, what the net effect will be. Employees in the lowest brackets would get a reasonable increase, and executives, who are assumed to be Administration henchmen, a trifling amount. The

Administration undoubtedly hoped for much more, but in its current atmosphere of defeatism, it may decide that this is better than nothing.

A popular notion shared by some legislators and government officials is that "government" means "Washington" and that a \$1,902-a-year clerk-typist is about the lowest-paid civil servant. Actually there are more government workers in both California and New York than in the District of Columbia, and the clerk-typist is about the average in pay. A million and a half federal employees earn less, and a good many of them are the heads of families.

This clerk-typist was earning \$1,620 when war broke out, and she got no increase in pay scale during the war years. Her work-week stretched out from 39 to 48 hours, and overtime pay (not compensated at time-and-a-half) brought her gross earnings to \$1,970. By the middle of 1945, when Congress decided to give her a raise, overtime was cut back.

Five percent of her salary is automatically deducted for the retirement fund. Her taxes, if she's single, will be about \$277. Net cash income: \$1,563, only \$81

John Perry, who during the war was special assistant to the Director of Foreign Agricultural Relations and Acting Chief of the Food Branch of the Office of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation Operations, has resumed his former business, that of public-relations consultant.

above prewar. If you calculate her real wages on the basis of the CIO's cost-of-living index, she has actually taken a cut of 29 percent.

Another popular notion is that government workers obtained fantastic promotions during the war, leaping from \$1,620 to \$3,800, or from \$2,000 to \$6,228. It's true that many civil servants did enjoy their first real chance to move up the ladder, but there was no general scaling-up of federal positions. And the individuals who benefited are now tumbling down again, returning from war agencies to their old jobs at their former pay.

More typical was the plight of a group of WPB clerks hired at the lowest clerical grade. Because government couldn't compete in the job market, there was little hope of filling vacancies in that group. So they were frozen, forbidden to transfer to better-paying positions, refused promotions and threatened with severe penalties should they resign.

BUT WAGES aren't everything. What about other supposed attractions of the civil service? It's true that government workers are entitled to liberal vacations and fairly adequate sick-leave. There is a retirement system, though the employee pays five percent of his earnings into the fund. But that is about the limit of the material advantages.

Most major corporations enable their workers to buy low-cost group life insurance. Not the government. The government's health program would shame a self-respecting corporation, and there is no health insurance. Security of tenure is a popular myth; a job is no more certain than the next appropriation or the shape of the next reorganization.

The American civil service, unlike the British, places no insuperable obstacles in the path of the ambitious employee. He can climb as far as he is able, and in many occupations experience rates as heavily as education. But in two major aspects the American system is inferior: there is no general policy of promotion from within; opportunity is a mixture of merit, seniority, favoritism, politics and happenstance. And government agencies won't bargain with organized employees. Uncle Sam's workers can organize if they choose, but (unless they work for the TVA) they have no bargaining rights.

There has been much talk of late about the civil service. Britain's Labor government is proposing to revamp the whole British structure, and some congressmen would like to do the same with ours. A first step is the bill proposed by Senator Downey, which would step up the federal pay-scale by a flat 20 percent. This isn't a measure to increase real wages, but merely a long overdue attempt to bring federal wages approximately into line with industry's. The bill is supported by the President, most of the Cabinet and the Civil Service Commission, and it came to the Senate floor with the support of the Senate Civil Service Committee.

But in the two weeks it was under consideration, Senators Byrd, Taft and Hickenlooper, with plenty of help from the sidelines, kept it from coming to a vote, with the results noted in my first paragraph.

Downey, fighting hard and skillfully to push it through, little by little had to give ground. He was forced to withdraw amendments intended to attack a second major problem of the federal service: keeping the top jobs filled with able men. Government's top salary in the merit system, \$8,750, is so far below what industry pays that there is now a mass exodus from public service.

The top men are leaving. Thurman Arnold, Bob Ramspeck and Happy Chandler head a parade of Washington figures who have quit government to earn a living. Oscar Gass, Lauchlin Currie, Joe Weiner, Bob Nathan, Wayne Coy, Ken Galbraith, Leon Henderson, John Fischer, Randolph Paul and Daniel Bell are but a few of those who have found private employment more lucrative. (Some of them, of course, have had other reasons, including discouragement over the present trend of the national government.) Senator Taft sneers that many \$5,000 government officials couldn't earn \$1,500 in private industry. But the Truman administration is worried by the loss of its best brains.

Government has been able to attract such men only in times of national crisis. Then there is powerful magnetism in public service, in having a part in shaping great events. Roosevelt brought in one group of brilliant young men during the New Deal and a much larger, though less cohesive, blue-ribbon group to win the war.

But such men, responding to an emergency, will seldom adopt government as a career. One year, five, even ten, they can charge off to experience. But when the emergency is over, when federal policy loses its incisiveness, when action is supplanted by frustration, they leave. Not until some new administration offers again a bold, constructive program will others take their places.

THERE ARE notable and honorable exceptions. The world's leading designer of dams has been a public servant for 34 years. His engineering fees in private practice would probably have approximated \$5 million. Uncle Sam has paid him less than a twentieth of that. A government purchasing agent buying \$100 million worth of commodities is paid one-fifth as much as a department-store buyer handling five percent of that volume. On the public rolls are world-famous chemists, biologists, cartographers, mathematicians and executives, most of them serving at some personal sacrifice. But they are exceptions and the nation can scarcely depend on sacrifice as a principle of government.

The nation pays a price for niggardliness. Too often it places great responsibilities in the hands of second

and third-rate men. But it pays a penalty even in times when the services of most men can be commanded. For government is a profession in itself, not readily grasped by the newcomer, whatever his talents. It is true that many New Dealers were gifted amateurs, and equally true that many wartime bungles were due more to inexperience than to red tape. It is as if the top staff of General Motors were periodically replaced by a group of men highly trained in their own professions but unaccustomed to working with one another and unfamiliar with the automobile industry.

Senator Downey's amendments were not lavish, but they would have opened up many more career possibilities in government. Two new grades would have been added to the civil service, lifting the ceiling from \$8,750 to \$15,000. Cabinet members would have moved up to \$20,000 and some of their aides to \$15,000. Other executive posts, positions in the judiciary and members of boards and commissions would have received similar increases. Representatives would have been stepped up to \$15,000 and received an additional \$2,500 for office expense. A novel amendment would have given each Senator a \$9,000 assistant. These provisions were supported by the Adminis-

tration as well as the Civil Service Commission.

But despite public-opinion polls showing emphatic popular support for higher congressional wages, Senators in the main still believe that voting themselves a pay increase is politically fatal. And it was apparent that if they would not raise their own wages, they wouldn't vote to lift others above their own level. The amendments were scuttled in short order.

What remains is the basic fight on a straight cost-of-living increase to federal workers. The opposition, of course, doesn't talk about it that way. The opponents tell stories about federal inefficiency, though Downey repeatedly hammers home the point that a salary attaches to a job, not a man, and that if a poorly qualified man is in the job, the fault is with placement procedure, not with the pay-scale.

Downey makes another telling point. Federal workers, he says, are the only major group of American workers who have not had cost-of-living pay increases during the war. Every major strike that has been settled recently has awarded the strikers more than is provided by the Downey bill. Of all major groups of employees, civil servants alone do not have the right to strike. The lesson is obvious.

Nuremberg Faces Snow

by Sergeant William H. Jordy

THE ONLY NUREMBERGERS who face this winter with a private room are lodged in a gloomy brown-stone building, with three banks of tiny windows, located behind the Palace of Justice. Other citizens of the city, which once pleased Hitler by boasting more Nazi Party members (proportionately) than any other German metropolis, will have a longer lease, but in cramped quarters.

"Suffer? Of course, the people here are going to suffer this winter," Captain Augustus B. Hill claims. He once taught labor economics at Vanderbilt University, and headed Tennessee's Civil Service before coming into the Army to wind up in the dual job of Housing and Labor Officer for Nuremberg. "But," he adds, "Nurembergers deserve to suffer." The Captain is a round-faced, mild-mannered man, who speaks like

a good-natured professor, with just the Northern edge of a Southern drawl. He isn't vindictive, but he isn't sentimental either. His conclusion is: "Despite the hardships of winter, we're confident that the normal percentage of Nurembergers are going to see next spring."

Captain Hill's job, like the job of housing in any of Germany's worst bombed cities, began with simple arithmetic, and the arithmetic, in turn, started with a citywide canvass of what remained of Nuremberg. The results of the ruin-to-ruin survey are recorded, not in terms of "houses," but in "rooms." Today there are exactly 157,745 "habitable" rooms—in a city which once housed 435,000 people. Only one-fourth of these are classified as "undamaged." The remainder are habitable by stretching the definition of the word to include leaking roofs, stoveless rooms and gaping walls stuffed with uncemented bricks. A full pane of glass in those cubicles described as "undamaged" is a rarity. The few building materials that come to Nuremberg are either diverted to the Palace of Justice or made available to occupation troops.

Against the statistics on room space, Captain Hill's tabulations indicate that, as of October 15, approximately 273,000 people had returned to Nuremberg, while every week sees an average of 4,000 more drift

Sergeant William Jordy, a graduate student at the Institute of Fine Arts at New York University at the time he entered the Army, has contributed articles to the Nation, Common Sense, the Commonweal and the South Atlantic Quarterly, and drawings to the Saturday Review of Literature and Common Sense. After the German surrender, he was transferred to the Army radio station in Vienna, and subsequently has been assigned to the southern Germany edition of Stars and Stripes to write news articles.

in from the surrounding countryside. Simple division gives the broad picture—two persons, or more, in every remaining room that provides at least the shelter of a stable against the zero weather just ahead.

BUT NO ARITHMETIC can portray the suffering into which Nurembergers have heiled themselves. For example, in the heart of the city, on what used to be the busy Durer Square, 178 Germans live—three flights down—in the city's second largest air-raid shelter. Here, three dozen families exist side by side, not in terms of a nightly lease, as the Londoner has done, but in terms of a lease which stretches into the indefinite future. They sleep on rows of double-decked bunks which served as a community bedroom during the raids, some with bedding, others on the bare slats. Above ground, in the shadow of the greenish-bronze monument to Germany's greatest painter, the women have set their washtubs. Clotheslines hang across the entrance to the air-raid shelter. Other clotheslines, strung from jagged bits of wreckage at various points around the square, are the first indication that underneath the uniform grayness of the rubble, and huddled against the ragged silhouettes of still standing walls, others have burrowed like groundhogs.

But, if Durer Square shows the worst conditions in Nuremberg, the average quarters are but little better. There is, for example, the Max Schmidt family—two parents and eight children. All ten are living in the dismal barracks that once housed Russian, Polish and French. The Schmidts sleep two and three to the same bunks on which Nurembergers once slept four PW's.

Or, there is Mrs. Herman Traxlmeyer, who was allotted one room, wide enough for two single beds abreast, and just long enough to hold two more. This is "home" for her husband, their two grown sons, and haphazard piles of household furnishings. A stove in one corner must also serve for her daughter-in-law's cooking.

The Wilhelm Hubermanns are harder to find. Only a swept path, leading behind the mound of refuse which was once their house, indicates that Mr. Hubermann has built a two-room apartment over his garage with bricks that once made the house, which lodged five people. (He was lucky to have some scarce cement on hand.) But the Hubermanns, along with one-half of Nuremberg's population, must share bathroom facilities with their neighbors. It is, however, doubtful that the neighbors will use their plumbing. There will be too little fuel to keep the pipes from freezing. Military Government's wood-cutting program will provide each family with enough pine this winter to give the heat equivalent to about two bushels of coal—"not enough to keep the ersatz coffee warm."

Housing in Nuremberg, however, is not measured solely in terms of how many people can be squeezed into a given number of available rooms. If it were,

about half of the normal population would spend the winter on the street. The people are also rigidly controlled, according to job classifications.

In controlling population, Military Government had one advantage from the first: most Nurembergers, except for diehards huddling in cellars or fighting beside the Wehrmacht, had fled the city to find refuge in the surrounding countryside. At the time Captain Hill came in, on April 18, "when buildings were smoking, and people still lay on the sidewalks," the city, for all practical purposes, was empty. Under such conditions, it should have been possible to allocate housing to that selected segment of the population who could contribute most toward reconstruction. But once the shooting had stopped, the tide of Nurembergers immediately surged homeward. In the press of more urgent problems, the incomers returned freely until the latter part of May.

From the very first, however, it was apparent that an unchecked movement of returnees would not only result in an impossible housing situation, but would also seriously affect food supplies and health conditions and hamper city administration with an unemployment burden. Captain Hill, together with other MG officers, was already working on a four-point program to ensure that the householders permitted to reënter the city would be those best able to fit into the scheme for reconstruction. The program, as here perfected, has been subsequently adopted for almost every other bombed-out German metropolis.

THE PLAN calls for the incoming Nuremberger to make four successive calls to municipal agencies: (1) He registers at the Police Department. (2) At the same time, he consults the Labor Office, in order to ascertain whether his job is critical. (3) He signs at the Housing Office, which sees to it that rooms are given only to critical workers. (4) Finally, he registers at the Food Office. A full stomach, therefore, is the guarantee that he has complied with all of MG's directives.

Suppose a certain Hans Seidel desires to return from a nearby farm. If he is wise, he will come to town himself, to explore the possibilities. (Some bring wives, children, pots, pans and the family silver chest piled high on a cart, in the misguided hope that this *fait accompli* will wangle rooms.) First, Hans pays his respects to the Police Department, and is interviewed by a representative of the Labor Office.

"I'm a carpenter," Hans Seidel says. This is an excellent recommendation, because construction workers, railroad employees, public-utility laborers and public-health personnel enjoy top priority. If Hans had been a watchmaker, a glass blower or an insurance salesman, he probably wouldn't get a room, since there is either a surplus in relatively unessential types of work or the jobs do not at present exist.

But now Hans moves to the Housing Office. "I want

accommodations for my wife and three children." This request doesn't cheer the housing representative—one worker, and as far as the reconstruction of Nuremberg is concerned, four parasites. Either the Labor Office or the Housing Office may make one of two decisions: if Hans has an older daughter, she can move in to do pa's housekeeping, while the rest of the family remains on the farm; if all the children are small, then perhaps the essentiality of carpentering balances the demands that his family makes on the city's already meager facilities. If Hans's carpentering can be used, he reports back to the Police Department with a note that he has been found acceptable to both the Labor and Housing Offices. Only then does he receive the all-important food card.

There is, however, one serious loophole in this system. The food card is good for a one-month period anywhere in American-occupied Germany. (It must be honored in *any* American-occupied city, because otherwise Germans could not leave their home towns.) The unscrupulous, therefore, can slink into Nuremberg early in the month, remain until the end of the ration period, and then migrate to obtain another card.

Paradoxical as it may seem, many Nurembergers want to leave the well provisioned, well fueled, well housed countryside to come into the misery of the city. The farmers no longer want them. While they accepted city people last spring for patriotic reasons, ardor for the Fatherland now flares fitfully. Then, too, during the spring and summer, this patriotism paid dividends by way of low-cost (or no-cost) labor. With the decrease in farm chores, however, the welcome mat has been lifted from the doorstep. And so, many Nurembergers who cannot return to town legitimately take advantage of any loophole. Only a force of fifty "housing police" can combat illicit householding.

The chief qualification for a housing policeman is that he knows his own section of the city. He has become even better acquainted with it since he took up his new profession, for he not only patrols the streets, but climbs over ruins and up stairways, day after day, to look in on the families on his beat. A typical day's work might include a couple of evictions. Perhaps he warned the Norverts to clear out last week, after they moved in without registering and set up a bawdy house. Since they have not budged, he descends upon this illegally lo-

cated business, flashes the card which is his only badge of authority, and orders the furniture lugged into the street. Two blocks away: another eviction. A family occupying half a floor left Nuremberg, and the Schultzes, who rent the other half, increased their living space. They have not responded to his warning; now he telescopes them forcibly.

Both the Norverts and the Schultzes may protest to one of nine district housing-mediation boards. These five-man, non-partisan committees hear complaints and hand down advisory decisions to the district chief of the Housing Office. If both the board and the housing chief agree, the Norverts and the Schultzes must resign themselves to country living and smaller quarters. If, however, there is disagreement on the district level, a central mediation board reviews the case, to advise the city chief, who gives the final verdict.

The housing policeman is also empowered to evict persons living in quarters which are inadequate for winter, such as most of the people buried in the heatless air-raid shelter. But the policeman's primary job is not evasions of the law. He is, first of all, a district representative for the Housing Office, making a daily check on housing conditions and empty rooms, on which the functioning of the Housing Office is based. He also serves as unofficial mediator to the town's increasing domestic strife.

Most functions in the American zone were turned over to the Germans on November 15, so that now United States troops merely keep a watchful eye on their operation. Nuremberg's Housing Office should function as efficiently as it has in the past. "Housing," Captain Hill concludes, "is a civilian problem. If Nuremberg freezes this winter, it will be the city's fault. But I don't think the people will come off too badly."

Thus, Nurembergers, who heiled themselves into their present misery, must now solve their present problems. Certainly, they are a fitting memorial to a system that gloried in its power to inflict these conditions upon millions of helpless human beings—much more apropos, however tragic, than the monumental, pseudo-classic stadium just outside the city, in which the "super race" once gloried in its prowess. This undamaged bowl is ready now to catch this winter's snow.



Drawn for the New Republic by Leo Herzhfeld

Where Is Home?

by Ralph G. Martin

A SOLDIER and his girl were swaying in a half-dance, their bodies bending to the rhythm of the soft, sweet jazz, their feet shuffling just slightly. In the back of the room, some more soldiers were bunched in a semicircle sipping cokes and swapping stories. Occasionally, one of them would break out into a loud, sharp laugh and keep laughing until the others joined in. Sitting at the tables were some serious-faced couples concentrating on gin rummy.

At the desk near the door, right next to a USO sign, the thin girl in the bright dress smiled when she said, "It's kinda dead around here now. You should have come yesterday. We had a big dance yesterday." She told how good the band was and how big the crowd was and that there were almost as many veterans around as there were soldiers.

"That's because these boys here in Washington just don't have too many other places to get together," she said. "This isn't the Old South, but it's still a long way from New York City, and a Negro is still a Negro."

She bit her lip when she said that, as if she were trying to stop herself from talking too much.

One of the gin-rummy games broke up and a slim, young-looking civilian detached himself from the group, sat down on the sofa, picked up a *Popular Science* magazine and started thumbing through it slowly.

"Look at him," said the girl at the desk. "That's Chester Whiteside. He's been out of the Army since August and he still comes here pretty regularly. He's lonely."

A few minutes later, Chester was spilling out why he was lonely. It was because he left his wife down in North Carolina teaching school while he came home to Washington to try to find a job until the college term started. Only he couldn't find a job. He was a qualified clerk and there was supposed to be a shortage of clerks and he had looked everywhere but nobody seemed to want him. Still, he wasn't surprised. He had expected it, he said. He had expected a lot of things.

"You hear a lot of stuff about how homesick the overseas American soldier is for the good old USA," he said. "But you don't hear much of that from the Negro soldier. Not the ones in Europe. Anyway, not the ones I know, not the ones in the 41st Engineers. Hell, why should they be homesick? Homesick for Jim Crow, for poll taxes and segregated slums? Homesick for lynchings and race riots?"

He brooded about that for a minute and then he spoke up softly as if he were telling secrets. "I don't know if you ever heard about some of the race riots

we had in Europe. The Army kept it pretty quiet, I guess. Hitler would have loved to hear about it. Well, we had one of them in Marseilles, a small one. They tried to kill a few of our boys because they were dancing with white French girls. The girls never even thought about it being something special. To them, we were just people, human beings. But to some of the white soldiers, we were just niggers. I'll never forget the one who yelled, 'Just wait until the war's over, we'll know how to take care of you nigger bastards.'

"Well," said Chester, still softly, "the war's over."

Somebody turned up the radio's volume control. It was a sugary-voiced crooner singing "Embraceable You" and some of the couples at the food counter joined in, humming loudly.

Chester was still in Marseilles. "As I said before," he continued, "some of the riots weren't so small. A lot of boys got hurt, some got killed. Our boys knew what was coming up. You'd have to be deaf, dumb and blind not to."

THERE WAS a long moment of thick quiet and then Chester's voice sounded strained, "Have you ever been to a lynching?"

He seemed to empty himself into the sofa's softness, leaning his head back, staring at the ceiling, speaking slowly as if he were having a tough time pulling things out of his memory.

"It was in a little town called Shelbyville in Tennessee, a long time ago," he said. "I can still see the teacher running into our class and telling all us colored kids to hurry home and stay home. That's all she said and none of us knew what was the matter, but the fear in the teacher's eyes was like a fever. I remember how we all looked at each other and a few kids started to cry and then we all raced out of the room and suddenly there were white kids all around us throwing rocks and yelling dirty names and I remember running so fast that I thought my heart would bust wide open. I was seven years old."

The radio crooner had changed his mood. He was singing a rapid-running song with tricky words about South America and Love. One girl was shaking in the rhythm of it and two others were watching her, giggling.

Chester was tearing small pieces off the back cover of the copy of *Popular Science*.

"We never left our house for three full days," he said. "I remember all the noise outside and then the sudden quiet, and I remember how scared I always was and how my mother kept praying all the time."

"I never did get the whole story. I know they burned down the courthouse to grab the colored boy out of jail. He was only 19. I still don't know what he was supposed to have done."

He looked at the torn cover of the magazine without seeming to see it and then tossed it on the table. "That was December 25, 1928. Isn't it funny the way a date sticks in your mind sometimes? Isn't it really funny?"

HE HUNCHED OVER in his seat, folding his hands, cracking his knuckles. Then, suddenly, his voice snapped out sharp and bitter, "We had white officers in our outfit," he said. "Mostly Southern whites. They hated us and we hated them. The officers who were sympathetic didn't last long; they got transferred out in a hurry."

"You ought to hear the Orientation talks they gave us. The way they talked, Democracy and Segregation meant the same thing. Only they never ever let it go at that. Some of the men got kicked and slapped and cursed and shoved around like scummy dirt—and what the hell could you do?"

Chester opened his fists and wiggled his fingers.

"But there's a limit to how much you can push people around," he said, speaking softly again. "Some guys can only take so much. Then they crack. There was one guy who started a one-man riot. He killed an officer and before they hunted him down, he wounded a couple more."

Chester looked around the room until he spotted a soldier with a Purple Heart talking seriously with a petite, pretty girl.

"See that guy," said Chester. "He knows how to shoot a rifle now. If somebody ever shoots at him sometime, maybe he'll shoot back. You get sick and tired of running away all the time."

They had also been sick and tired of hearing white soldiers throw up to them the fact that there were so few Negroes in combat, he said. The way they talked, you'd think the Negro had something to say about what he did or where he went in the Army. It was in Antwerp that Chester's outfit first heard about the Army finally deciding to train Negroes as infantrymen. They were to fight in platoons, alongside white units. Nobody had to volunteer if he didn't want to. But in Chester's company of 160, 72 volunteered, some of them offering to take busts from master sergeant to private. But only seven were selected. Three of the seven later got Silver Stars for exceptional gallantry in action.

"I don't know why we volunteered in the first place," said Chester. "Just to show the world that we were willing to fight, even though most of us didn't have much to fight for."

"A few days ago, I bumped into one of those seven guys," said Chester. "He had all kinds of ribbons but he was bitter as hell. He said he had just come back

from the South and it didn't seem to make any difference if you fought or you didn't fight; he was still only a black boy."

Chester himself was hopeful when he first came home. They had shipped him to a camp in Wilmington and black and white ate in the same mess hall, slept in the same barracks. The way everybody acted, it seemed as if it had always been that way.

It all seemed almost worthwhile—the stinking wet heat of Liberia and Dakar, the D-Day landing in Oran, all those hospitals and airfields they built in Tunisia, Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, then the D-Day landing at Red Beach in St. Tropez. Three years and three months of it.

Then came Fort Bragg and Jim Crow.

It was Jim Crow on the bus, too—an old bus on a bumpy road, but Chester was singing happy. His 118 points had earned him a discharge and he was going to see his Myrtle.

"Myrtle's my wonderful wife," Chester explained, smiling for the first time. "We got married ten days before I went overseas."

He warmed himself in that and then suddenly he stopped smiling and told about the bus trip. The bus was full when this white man got on and looked around and then whispered something to the bus driver. Then the bus driver got up and looked back at the Jim Crow seats and pointed to Chester and told him to get up and stand. "No nigger is going to sit in my bus while a white man is standing," the bus driver had said loudly.

Rather than stand in the bus, Chester got out and walked. It was 16 miles to the nearest town.

"I had a lot of time to think," he said. "I had a helluva lot of time to think. . . ."

The crooner had changed into a quiz show and a tall soldier quickly went over and fiddled with the dials until he got a brassy band bouncing out some jive. One couple automatically started a fast Lindy Hop but the girl stopped in the middle of a twirl and laughed. "There's not enough room with all these tables," she said.

MYRTLE and I are going to Liberia," said Chester quietly. "We're going as soon as we can, as soon as I can finish this mortician's course." He smiled weakly. "I'll be the only mortician in Liberia."

He told about how he was the first American Negro soldier to land in Liberia back in May, 1942, and how he got acquainted with the Liberian President and how the country was just aching for improvement, with almost ten million uneducated people who didn't even know the fundamentals of sanitation.

"Myrtle and I can do some good there," he said, "and then maybe when we're lots older, we'll go to France. Have you ever been to France?" he asked. "France is wonderful. Over there they practise the tolerance that America only preaches."

"Myrtle will love France," he said, smiling again. "The closest Myrtle ever got to Democracy was here in Washington. She just couldn't get over the fact that there actually weren't any Jim Crow seats on the trolley cars. Can you imagine how she'll feel in France? Can you just imagine?"

"I'm so glad we're going," he said. "It would have been different if I found America different. I didn't expect any revolutionary changes in the attitude toward Negroes. All I wanted was a sign in the wind, just the smallest sign that things were getting better instead of worse. If Congress had only passed an anti-lynch law or a permanent FEPC, something, anything. . . ."

A heavy-set girl turned off the radio and announced

in a high voice that they were starting a bingo game.

"Maybe Myrtle and I are doing the wrong thing," he said, rubbing his hands nervously. "Maybe we should stay here and stick it out and maybe, God knows, our kids might some day be treated like first-class Americans instead of third-class dirt.

"But I guess we're selfish; we don't want to wait that long. In fact we'll probably give up our American citizenship and become French citizens, like a lot of my friends are doing.

"You see," he said quietly, stretching out his words, "it isn't a question whether Myrtle and I are American citizens or French citizens; it's whether or not we're human beings."

L'Affaire Frank Fay

by Joseph Field

THE FRANK FAY STORY is a continuation of what happened back in the days when democratic forces in America rallied, in vain, to the defense of the Spanish Republic and at once were so effectively denounced as "Communists," "anti-Catholics," or both, that many otherwise sympathetic but cautious Americans decided to sit it out. When a film called *Blockade*, for example, made a mild attempt to present the Loyalist viewpoint without going so far as to identify either side by name, it was condemned, hooted at, picketed and, in effect, boycotted by organized pro-Franco pressure groups all over the nation. As a result, it was not until we entered the war that any major Hollywood producer dared even hint at the existence of a struggle in Spain.

Now, with the war over—and despite the constantly mounting evidence of the Spanish dictator's close collaboration with Hitler—the attempt to keep him in power resumes where it left off many years ago. It provides the background for the latest maneuver literally to put the fear of God into those impudent Americans who don't like Franco, who say so with details about the forces supporting him, and who would like to see a democratic republic, something like our own, in Spain. The role of defender of the faith—and liberal Catholics are asking, what faith?—is being played by 48-year-old Frank Fay, actor and comedian, a member of the Actors' Equity Association and of its Council (the governing body), and an ardent, if thrice-wed, Roman Catholic, who now is starring—or co-

starring—with an invisible rabbit in the Broadway hit, "Harvey."

Five other Equity members are the victims, although according to the Fay story, they are backed by hordes of Red-tainted sympathizers. Since the five performers appeared briefly at a New York Madison Square rally on September 24 held for Spanish refugee relief (which started the whole thing), the story has developed until the average Hearst reader probably now is convinced that in addition to their well known immorality, all members of Equity are possessed of dangerous radical leanings, too.

The facts are these: The five actors had returned to their respective playhouses by the time Harold Laski, in a talk radioed to the Garden from London, criticized Vatican political intrigues in Franco Spain. During the next few days following the rally, various Catholic groups denounced Laski for having attacked their religion—a charge which the British labor leader denied vehemently and described as "fantastic."

Some of the individuals, including at least one well known Coughlinite, who picketed Laski when he came to New York a few weeks later to address another meeting, appeared to have forgotten the alleged religious issue entirely. Their banners read: "Franco Saved Spain from the Reds, Mr. Laski."

The picketing was obviously not affected by an editorial in the *Commonweal*, the liberal Catholic weekly, pointing out that ". . . what Mr. Laski attacked was the discipline and politics of the Church and not the Church itself, and it is a sad thing when Catholics so easily earn the dislike of their neighbors by the assumption that any criticism of any aspect of the Church is inadmissible. . . ."

Meanwhile, Hearst's principal New York outlet, the

Joseph Field, a native New Yorker, is a graduate of the School of Journalism of the University of Wisconsin. He is now on the staff of PM.

Journal-American, which knows a good story when it can smell one, ran a piece three days after the rally, in which Fay was quoted as attacking "the appearance of actors at a Red meeting which condemned religion." Fay also declared he would press for an Equity investigation of the five performers.

THE FIVE—Luba Malina, Jean Darling, Sono Osato, David Brooks and Margo, who, incidentally, was married shortly afterward in St. Patrick's Cathedral—began to receive threatening letters and phone calls. After a telephone threat, Luba Malina, while shopping near her home, was punched in the stomach by a man who ran away before she could call for help. Walking along Fifth Avenue, in the Forties, Margo was spat at by another unidentified individual who called her "anti-Christ." As Jean Darling started to walk down the alley to the stage door of the theatre in which she is appearing, a man jumped at her yelling threats. She escaped by running into the house entrance. The other two performers received letters filled with the vilest invective and threats.

After some hesitation, they decided to make a formal demand upon Equity to censure Fay for having damaged them professionally. At the same time they pointed out that their appearance at the rally could hardly be construed as an attack upon the Catholic or any other religion. Fay himself submitted no formal charges against the five, according to a report sent to members by Equity's Council. The report stated that if he had, "they, too, would have been accepted but he declined then and has since consistently declined to file such charges."

The Council met and, at a formal meeting, voted to censure Fay, which amounted to a mild, slap-on-the-wrist rebuke. Fay thereupon announced he would appeal to the next general membership meeting of the union to reverse its Council's ruling. At the meeting, Fay got up and read from a dossier, listing the names of many prominent Equity members and their alleged "Communist-front" affiliations. Oddly enough, he did not include Shirley Temple, as Martin Dies might have done. Shirley doesn't belong to Equity anyway. Equity voted to sustain its Council's censure by a vote of 470 to 72. Next day, Fay's attorney said he would carry the case to the courts.

All this might have seemed like a fairly routine, internal affair if the press campaign, sparked by the *Journal-American*, had not soared to unprecedented heights as soon as the *Chicago Tribune* took up the Fay story, as it did in several extremely sympathetic articles which not only defended Fay but attacked Equity's Council.

The "nationalist" and Coughlinites press followed through at once, embellishing the story with new and juicy trimmings and serving it under scare headlines all over the nation. The violently anti-Semitic *Gentile*

News, published in Chicago, in an oblique anti-Semitic reference, declared that "Frank Fay might have expected such a procedure [by Actors' Equity] inasmuch as the actor's association is predominantly manned by people having no interest in the Christian religion. . . ."

Edward F. Atwell, publisher of a mimeographed newsletter in New York, ran a piece describing the affair as "positive proof of the methods used by left-wingers to silence any opposition to their un-American activities." Atwell is a former America First official who spoke on the same platform with indicted Nazi agent Laura Ingalls and was, for a time, an organizer for ex-Senator Robert Reynolds' American Nationalist Party.

Persons like Joseph P. Kamp, old-time dispenser of the "nationalist" line, who, along with Lawrence Dennis, once edited the *Awakener*, a publication touted by World Service, the Nazi external propaganda outlet, also expressed sympathy for the struggle Fay was making against radical influences. Pro-Coughlinites publications like the *Gaelic-American*, in New York, the *Brooklyn Tablet*, the *San Francisco Leader*, and also Walter Steele's *National Republic*, entered the lists.

More significantly, perhaps, an organization calling itself the Friends of Frank Fay opened offices in a New York hotel and announced a giant rally for January 10 at Madison Square Garden. A spokesman said that tickets will be free and that the fairly sizable sum required to rent the Garden came in the form of voluntary and spontaneous contributions. Aim of the rally is to promote "Americanism" and "free speech" for Mr. Fay.

The group, whose name an anonymous wit has suggested should be changed to the Friends of Franco Fay, remained in a somewhat inchoate state until it was able to obtain the services of a publicity director, who turned out to be the Edward F. Atwell mentioned above. He announced that the January 10 affair might be only the first of a series of similar rallies to be staged in various parts of the country.

IN LIBERAL Catholic circles last week, considerable fear was expressed that the Garden rally might turn into an old-fashioned, witch-hunting, Red-baiting, anti-Semitic and, of course, anti-Spanish-freedom affair. All the elements for such a Hitlerian type of get-together are there: the supposed attack on the Church by "leftist" individuals and the beautifully timed opportunity for the "antis" to find a central issue around which to rally.

But other observers predict that the meeting will be a respectable, smooth kind of assembly, quiet, if not staid, at which one propaganda point will be hammered home. What that presumably will be was revealed by those of Mr. Laski's pickets who bore the placards reading: "Franco Saved Spain from the Reds, Mr. Laski."

Washington Notes

Truman, Bowles and Inflation

PRESIDENT TRUMAN is preparing to take the advice offered in this column and elsewhere to make a direct appeal to the public, and it is high time he did. His domestic program is stalled in Congress and he is threatened with loss of the labor support without which his 1948 reelection is doubtful. The strategic time for the appeal is, of course right away, while Congress is back home putting its ear to the grassroots (or the snowdrifts) of public opinion.

Mr. Truman is still popular with the masses. To them he typifies the common man from Main Street, and Main Street thinks it understands him. Washingtonians who have recently returned from "the sticks"—like California, Manhattan and other provincial way stations—report an interesting contrast from Roosevelt days. Formerly the traveler found businessmen explosively telling him things: the mere word "Washington" roused them like a goad. Now they don't tell him things: they are listening, they want to know. "How's Truman doing?" . . . They size up the President, so far, as a sincere, well meaning, hard-working, politically minded chap; they are inclined to like him; at any rate, he doesn't excite their bitterness. But what, they ask, is the caliber of the man—is he big enough for the job?

What Mr. Truman apparently doesn't realize yet is the degree to which the public is willing to respond to strong presidential leadership and particularly to the traditional appeal of the Executive over the head of his chronic antagonist, Congress. Today Congress is engaged in a stubborn sitdown strike. If Mr. Truman does not make a strong fight now for his domestic program, particularly social legislation like the full-employment bill, it is hard to see how he can hold the masses. This was the program—the "60-million-jobs" program upon which Roosevelt made his last great winning 1944 campaign. Mr. Truman just can't abandon it. One version of it, which to this writer seemed pretty good, passed the Senate. Another version—a mockery of it—has passed the House. Administration leaders did not even get a House roll-call on the original bill, but pushed a substitute travesty hastily through on the theory that they could strengthen it in conference with the Senate. Maybe they can. They certainly can't make it any weaker. But here is the cue for Mr. Truman. He has got to fight now.

Mr. Truman is represented as feeling that he is misunderstood by labor. Lewis, Green and Murray have all denounced his 30-day "no-strike," fact-finding bill. Truman spokesmen retort that this bill is really giving labor just what it asks. The auto workers wanted GM to open its books, didn't they? Well, this bill will do the trick. (The President helped along this interpretation by his statement the Thursday before Christmas on this general point.) It is also argued that this mild measure will keep Congress from doing something worse.

There are two objections to this argument. Even in what is theoretically a temporary restriction of labor's right to strike, as proposed by the bill, a union may find a chain of legal action directed against it which will deprive it of some

of labor's hardest-won safeguards—freedom from injunctions, rights under the Wagner Act—and not merely for 30 days but for the life of the controversy. Second, the Administration hasn't convinced labor that it will take strong action, even if it has the facts, when they support the union's side.

On the other hand, to illustrate the curious dualism of the Administration, Mr. Truman expressed the very core of labor's economic contention when, in his October 30 radio address, he specifically declared that wage increases are "imperative," and that "industry as a whole can afford substantial wage increases without price increases."

Chester Bowles's popular support, curiously enough, has gained rather than lost with the end of the war. There is evidence that his odd, quiet, plausible, persuasive personality has won friends all over the country and that he is regarded as one of the strong men of the Administration, the one man in Washington who is fighting all the time for the consumers. One of the things that has strengthened Bowles recently is the effect of killing some of the restrictions which he supports. Every housewife knows that prices of oranges and grapefruit suddenly skyrocketed when ceilings were removed; that the price of butter shot up when subsidies ended.

It is hard to recall anyone quite like Bowles in Washington. With perfect good-temper, he presented himself to the NAM convention and told them exactly what he thought of them. I have seen Senators Taft, Millikin and others throwing insulting questions at Bowles for two hours at a stretch, and watched the latter affably replying with perfect good humor and equanimity. In such an encounter Bowles is the hero of the press table; they love his devastating replies, they know he might have resigned in a pet a dozen times in Washington for failure to get Administration support, and that he won't so long as he can be of any service in staving off inflation. The war is over for the generals and admirals, but it's at a climax for Bowles: will he win his fight to control housing prices? Will he win his fight with the NAM, which wants to abolish *all* ceilings by February 15? As to the latter proposal, one thing can be said. If industry really gets the idea that it will receive higher prices through inflation, by waiting till February 15, or some other date, then reconversion will be even more delayed. At present the deadline is January 1, when the excess-profits tax ends.

Unemployment is less than the experts expected. Many economists forecast, when the war ended, that by the New Year unemployment would reach four to five millions. It's way below that. Because of this cheerful development, some editorial writers already are saying that vigilance can be relaxed. Just the opposite is true, for, curiously enough, the very failure of unemployment to develop as rapidly as feared has enhanced the possibility of inflation. Consumer purchases, which would decline with unemployment and which some Washington economists had expected to drop below 1944 levels, are actually 12 percent above 1944, as indicated by dollar volume of department-store sales. On the other hand, the supply of new materials isn't up to expectations. Inflation is still the big threat as the year ends.

Washington

T. R. B.

Dream Girl

Dream Girl, by Elmer Rice. Coronet Theatre, December 14, 1945.

THE NEW COMEDY by Mr. Elmer Rice with which his wife, Miss Betty Field, is supplied with a veritable garland of stage blossoms, is a success and was sure to be. Never was a young actress given more opportunity to be on the stage, in scenes of the greatest variety and subject.

The story of "Dream Girl" has something in it of the complexes and wish-fulfillments of Mr. Moss Hart's "Lady in the Dark" of a few seasons back, something of the tone of Mr. van Druten's "Voice of the Turtle" and a great deal of warm, easy quality of its own. This young heroine falls readily into one vision of herself after another. She is in love with her sister's husband; she has an invitation to go to Taxco on a love adventure; she shoots a reporter about the novel she has written; and then, as Portia, defends herself in the court; she is a street walker and takes poison, and so on and so on. Meanwhile a young newspaperman sees her lovelier qualities, teases her about the dreams, indulges her, flouts her, but appreciates her.

It is obvious what a chance all this would give Miss Field, for the writing is gently done, with a very considerable charm and a kind of witty affection. It all runs close to farce, but I should not call it farce because a certain sense of genuine feeling lies behind the writing of the role.

The part of the newspaper lover is well written and unusually well played. Mr. Wendell Corey conveyed some very convincing notations, as it were, of the character. It was really a performance of feeling without slush, and of a witty recognition of what was nonsense and what lovely in the young woman. It would have been very easy to burlesque this part and thus make the play's appeal far less lovable.

The company was well cast, especially the heroine's mother and father, Miss Evelyn Varden and Mr. William A. Lee. Miss Field's illness forbade her playing that second night when I saw "Dream Girl"; Miss Helen Marcy substituted and seemed to me to give a performance of talent and skill. The many trick changes in scene made the designer's problem a lively one, but provided a kind of décor at which Mr. Jo Mielziner is expert to the last degree.

STARK YOUNG

Science and Technology

Magnesium, Tomorrow's Metal

THE MAGNESIUM INDUSTRY in this country is now firmly established. Magnesium metal has achieved recognition as the lightest structural metal and its use is indicated wherever the reduction of weight is important. Moreover, metallic magnesium products have demonstrated good surface stability in many corrosive environments. The large-scale use of magnesium in the war-production program evidenced its wide range of engineering applications.

Our magnesium industry is about 30 years old. Production of magnesium metal began just before the First World War and at that time was used solely for flares, star shells, tracer bullets, flashlight ribbon and powders and incendiary compositions. When the military demands of the war ceased, magnesium production dropped greatly. The total production in 1918 was 284,000 pounds, which was sold at \$1.81 a pound. In 1921, production had dwindled to 48,000 pounds while improved methods of processing helped reduce the price to \$1.30 a pound. In 1939 production was more than 10 million pounds, which sold for 27 cents a pound. In 1944, production reached a peak of nearly 400 million pounds, which sold at 20.5 cents a pound—a drop caused by the extensive improvements in production facilities.

The military demands of World War II came just at the time when markets for metallic magnesium were expanding in the fields of light-weight portable machine tools and streamlined light-weight vehicles for modern high-speed transportation. Though magnesium's wartime uses were all vital, its preëminence was in the manufacture of military airplanes and aircraft engines, where reduction of weight had to be achieved without sacrifice of strength.

Magnesium alloys were developed for engineering because they had the advantage of extreme lightness com-

bined with strength and toughness. These alloys machine better and faster than any other metal and have shown stability and resistance to atmospheric exposure and weathering a wide variety of applications over a period of years.

The huge aircraft-production program could not have succeeded without an adequate supply of magnesium. Therefore the Defense Plant Corporation financed the design and construction of a number of plants using various processes for extracting the metal from its ores. Today, our production capacity is 586 million pounds per year.

Magnesium is the third most abundant element in nature, but it never occurs in a free state. Some of the most important magnesium-containing compounds used as raw materials for extraction purposes are magnesite (magnesium carbonate), dolomite (a mixture of calcium and magnesium carbonates) and sea water, which contains magnesium as a chloride to the extent of about 70 ounces per 100 gallons of water. Certain brine deposits, such as those found in Michigan, contain appreciable quantities of magnesium. Carnallite, which is a mixture of magnesium and potassium chlorides, was the source of magnesium produced in Germany. In the United States, magnesite, sea water and dolomite are the leading sources.

There are several methods of producing magnesium from its ores, one of the most successful being the electrolytic process. In this process the ore is treated so that the end product will be magnesium chloride. The magnesium chloride is placed in an electrolytic cell and broken down to magnesium and chlorine. The ferro-silicon method has also been successful. This is a high-temperature reduction process capable of yielding extremely high-purity magnesium. Others include the carbothermic reduction process.

According to the specifications set by the American Society for Testing Materials, magnesium ingots should have

a purity of not less than 99.8 percent. This figure has been consistently bettered by magnesium producers in this country. New procedures will undoubtedly help produce metal of over 99.95 percent purity. This question of purity is important because the metal's behavior in corrosive environments depends on the amount of contaminants it contains. The purer it is, the more stable its performance. Corrodibility was one of the advantages charged against the use of the early magnesium alloys. It was found that the presence of certain impurities and alloying metals in magnesium alloys determined to some extent the corrosion characteristics of these alloys. As a result, considerable research has been done on means of improving the corrosion-resistant properties of magnesium alloys, and progress has been made in this direction. Today, these alloys are giving good service not only in inland atmospheres but on carrier-based aircraft, on seaplanes and under other corrosive conditions.

Magnesium can be fabricated by all the known methods. It can be forged, rolled, formed and extruded. From the standpoint of machinability, it surpasses all metals. The only limitation to the speed with which magnesium may be machined is the speed of the machine itself. The metal can be joined in a number of ways. These include torch-welding, arc-welding, spot welding, riveting, screw-fastening and cycle-welding. The cycle-weld process is one of the latest developments in the search for an adhesive that can be used to secure metal to metal. It is not a weld, because there is no chemical combination between the metals and the adherent used. The process consists of a chemical-cleaning step followed by application of the adherent and baking to cure the film formed by the adherent. The two surfaces to be joined are then coated with another cement, brought together, and heat and pressure are applied simultaneously to cause the films to unite and become firmly set.

The incendiary risks of magnesium have been widely publicized during the war, but the fire hazard, which has been one of the greatest obstacles the industry has had to overcome, need not be a hazard at all. Magnesium will not burn unless it is in a molten state. The melting temperature is 1,204°F. Magnesium dust is pyrophoric, that is, it ignites spontaneously upon exposure to the atmosphere. However, knowing the potential hazard and taking the simple precautions which an individual ordinarily takes to prevent fire of any kind, it is possible to produce, cast, fabricate, machine and use magnesium without danger.

On an equal-volume basis, magnesium is only one-fifth the weight of steel and only two-thirds the weight of aluminum. This feature is significant because: (1) More payload can be carried in the field of transportation; (2) Power is saved and the efficiency of machines containing high-speed reciprocating parts is increased; (3) Human fatigue in the use of tools, household appliances, office equipment or any manually operated equipment is reduced; (4) Weight is saved wherever it is an important factor.

Some of the commercial applications of magnesium metal are: (1) In aircraft: for engine parts, landing wheels, structural air-frame parts; (2) In ground transportation: for engines, bodies and wheels of buses and trucks; (3) In the field of rapidly moving machinery involving quick starting and stopping, or reciprocating motion: for parts of spinning, twisting, weaving and knitting equipment, and for parts of

packaging, printing, can-making machines and the like; (4) In the field of portable equipment: for parts of pneumatic and electrical tools, as well as for parts of sewing machines, typewriters, calculators and addressographs. Other non-aircraft uses include various items of heavy machinery, impellers for air compressors, professional motion-picture machines and surveying instruments. Magnesium alloys are used in many smaller articles, such as cameras, lens-holders, microscope parts, field glasses, golf-club heads, vacuum cleaners and artificial limbs. Magnesium has a number of chemical uses, such as its application as a scavenger and deoxidizer in the metallurgical, electric-light-bulb and radio-tube industries. Magnesium shavings and coarse powder can be used in the very important Grignard reaction for the synthesis of organic chemicals, such as phenyl ethyl alcohol, butyl alcohol and petroleum. By use of the Grignard reaction, it should be possible to synthesize iso-octane used in the 100-octane fuels for military aircraft.

Magnesium has proved itself a strategic war material and unquestionably will be one of the most important peacetime materials. This is undoubtedly the reason for the optimism of the technicians in the industry. An outstanding example of their faith in magnesium's future is the extensive advertising program undertaken by one of the operators, this year, at a cost of \$500,000 to \$750,000.

Further evidence that the industry is firmly established in this country is the newly organized Magnesium Association. Its activity reflects the strength of the industry as well as the optimism of its members.

JOHN ALICO

The Bandwagon

"The people of England have made their choice. They have decided that they are through with the old capitalism under which England grew powerful and great. . . . I do not think they have a right to ask us to pour out our resources to . . . make its socialistic experiment a success." — *Senator C. Wayland Brooks (R., Ill.), speaking in the Senate on the Anglo-American loan, as quoted in PM.*

NO INDUCTION FOR FATHERS OF 30 OR MORE
— *Headline in the Paxton, Ill., Daily Record.*

An Army Air Forces captain and an enlisted Wac were married in a Lutheran church after the Army denied them a military wedding on the grounds that it "would be an official recognition of fraternization between officers and enlisted personnel." — *AP dispatch from Memphis.*

. . . the National Association of Home Builders . . . said the imminent restoration of building materials to a priorities system made price ceilings unnecessary. . . . "I don't think people will be foolish enough to pay ridiculous prices for homes," Frank W. Cortwright [executive vice-president of the association] said, "and that means builders won't be able to charge them." — *From the Asbury Park Evening Press.*

The Belleville [Illinois] City Council refused a firm's offer to supply the city with parking meters because the union label league (AFL) contended that the meters had been made by CIO employees. Said the league recording secretary in a letter to the council: "The CIO is just as objectionable to Belleville

labor as anti-union manufacturers."—*A Transradio Press news teletype item.*

Huh?

At Queens and Brooklyn Colleges the preponderance of women over men students will have to be reduced by the usual method of raising entrance requirements, Dr. Tead declared. —*From the New York Times.*

Take to the Hills, Men

Passion is rampant on the American scene. Our U. S. mothers, sisters, sweethearts and wives have become impetuous femmes, determined to provoke no less than the most turgid empresses-

ments in the other sex. —*From a Charbert perfume advertisement in the Baltimore Sun.*

Total-War Department

The [Army's] "strategic reserve" goal for so-called "dog-tags" which soldiers wear suspended from their necks, was put at 102 million, according to information received at another source. —*From the New York Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; \$1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of the New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. —THE EDITORS

Correspondence

The Indonesian View

SIR: Theodoor Scheltema's letter in the *New Republic* of November 12 showed us how well the people of Indonesia have been taken care of by the Dutch for the past centuries. He gave the Dutch side; I should like to present the Indonesian point of view.

It is to be understood that the Indonesians are *not* fighting for immediate independence. We know that this is impossible and that it would only harm our country. But the Dutch have never had or never will have a definite program to educate us for self-government and ultimate independence. A Dutch government in Indonesia will never function primarily for the welfare of the people, but only to protect foreign—mostly Dutch—interests. If it fits this policy, or if necessity forces them, the Dutch will take the people's welfare into consideration.

Mr. Scheltema, who is Washington correspondent of the *Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant*, stated that "political independence" does not necessarily mean a higher standard of living or—what is fundamentally at stake—a larger degree of human happiness." It seems that we are considered happy under Dutch rule. Probably, our resignation has been taken for contentment or happiness.

And about "a higher standard of living." In 1939 the Indonesian standard of living was about one-third of that in 1922. And it was in 1922 that the Dutch introduced a "different approach from that of either the French or the Americans," as Mr. Scheltema stated.

Politically, the Indonesians (who in 1928 adopted Indonesia as the symbol of unity for all the people then under the Dutch crown) want to be free from the Dutch. Before the war, there was very limited political freedom in Indonesia. There was no freedom of speech. Those who dared criticize the Dutch government or the Crown were sent to the Digoel concentration camps. In 1931, nine years after the constitutional change, 1,321 Indonesians were sent to the malaria-infested concentration camps in New Guinea. Today these camps are open again. Two Indonesians from Australia recently were sent "up the river" without any form of trial.

The Dutch shun a trusteeship for the former Netherlands East Indies, even though as administrators they have failed tragically. They argue that they are there—with the British—to protect us from political and economic attacks. This sounds very much like Hitler, who said that Nazi Germany would protect the smaller nations against bolshevism. The Indonesians know that they need to be protected. But should they be protected by their old masters? Are the Dutch better than the United Nations, who would have a definite program to educate

us for independence? Indonesia needs guidance, not domination.

The Dutch have done some good things, according to Mr. Scheltema. They have improved hygienic conditions. There were around 500 hospitals and clinics with a total capacity of 34,000 patients for a population of 75 million. (New York City alone has general hospitals with a total capacity of 28,000.) In 1939, of the \$350 million budget, less than five million dollars were spent for public health.

Mr. Scheltema told you how the government printed old Javanese classics and translations of Western literature and brought them to small village libraries. Teach us how to read first, and then give us some books! And besides, those libraries are not free libraries at all. Indonesia needs education badly. There were thousands of government schools, but we did not have the money to attend them. Then the Indonesians opened their own schools, cheaper than those of the government. In 1934, the Dutch administration issued a so-called "wild-school" ordinance, prohibiting Indonesians from teaching without the proper papers. This met open protest, which almost developed into open revolt, and the government was forced to withdraw it.

The Dutch administration has tried to preserve native arts and craft without giving us the opportunity to study foreign civilizations. The Dutch introduced protective laws, by which Indonesians could not sell their land to foreigners. Statistics, however, show that the government has been leasing more and more land to Dutch and other foreign estates. In 1939, about 9,000 more acres were leased to non-Indonesians than in 1930. The Indonesians have only 60 percent of Indonesia's land. The rest belongs to the government or is used by foreign industries.

What struck me most in Mr. Scheltema's letter was the statement: "The Dutch feel that they are better able than other powers to protect the natives against the inroads of Western capitalistic exploitation."

We are certain that the Dutch want to return to Indonesia in force and with force to protect us against capitalistic exploitation. Dutch enterprises before the war made around \$200 million profit each year. Indonesia's net export was around \$150 million per annum. The Dutch have been able to maintain their high profits year after year for more than three centuries because of the cheap labor. We Indonesians call it exploitation, because we have received so little in return. Only about \$10 million was spent in 1939 for education, of the \$350 million budget, against \$8.5 million spent for the police force. We have more grievances, which add to the strength of our conviction that only the United Nations can help us out. We have been resigned for three centuries and we want to be free from the Dutch. We point to the slogan, appearing on one of Indonesia's street cars:

"Better to hell than be colonized again."

We hope that the Dutch will have the courage and intelligence to see the mistakes they have made. We pray that the unnecessary slaughter of thousands of innocent people will be stopped soon.
San Francisco, Calif.

IMAM PAMOEDJO

Conference of the NCSPA WCO

SIR: The National Council of the Sciences, Professions, Arts and White Collar Organizations has called its Third Annual Conference for January 11 and 12, 1946, to be held at the Engineering Societies Building in New York City. . . . The Conference, sponsored by the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the American Dental Association, the Association of Manhattan Project Scientists, the National Education Association, and many others, will have as its central theme "The Sciences and Professions in a Peacetime America." . . . Many of the scientists who will be present at the January conference are the men and women who helped to develop atomic energy. Together with their co-workers in other fields, they will take stock, for all of them, as scientists and citizens, bear part of the burden of the decision whether these new discoveries will be used for total war or for peace and abundance.

Any inquiries regarding the conference should be addressed to the National Council at 1860 Broadway, New York 23.

URSULA WASSERMAN,

New York City

Associate Conference Director

Postwar Boom and Slump

SIR: In an editorial in the December 10 issue, the *New Republic* expressed the idea that "the real danger of inflation may lie several years in the future." The *New Republic* based this upon the fact that people are spending a greater percentage of their current income than they have in recent years, meaning, apparently, during the war. In that the *New Republic* is probably correct. But can the *New Republic* produce figures to show that even today, during the first flush of free spending at the end of the war, people are actually spending a greater percentage of their incomes than during the deflation-ridden thirties? My guess is that figures would show that we are saving a far greater percentage of our national income than we were then. That can only mean a rapid drying up of effective purchasing power, especially if industry insists on increasing prices, and the government continues its policy of making tax changes that add to the amount of savings.

We have at the present time a real pent-up need for consumer goods. But we had exactly the same kind of demand in 1932. Demand itself does not produce a market for goods. The people who want the goods must have the money with which to buy them, or a reasonable belief that they will have it in the future. The real question which must be answered and cannot be answered with any certainty, is how much of the war-created savings and current income will be available for buying goods in 1946.

We shall have considerable buying power created by the increase of inventories, and by sending food and goods abroad on credit. We shall have some more created by replacing worn-out or antiquated machinery in many industries, and by a certain amount of expansion of capital goods and other capital expenditures by business and industry. For how long will this be sufficient to counteract the excess of unabsorbable savings which will rapidly accumulate? To a large degree it will depend upon the willingness of industry to maintain a wage and price policy sufficient to create a distribution of money that will increase buying power and keep savings at a minimum. If the workers, who spend the greater part of their money, are given higher wages, and if prices are kept at the same levels, thus reducing the profit

margin and the amount of money channeled into savings, we could have a permanent high level of production and consumption.

But if industry, on the other hand, demands the right to increase prices—and exercises that right—we are very apt to see a peak reached during 1936, or early in 1947 at the very latest. It will be reached when the effective buying power fails to create a sufficient market to maintain production at the existing price level.

Our economists and industrialists work upon the classical assumption that the propensity to spend is so much greater than the propensity to save that we do not have to worry about a market for goods, and that the investment of the savings will create the extra market needed to keep industry and business operating at maximum production. But in an advanced industrial economic system, the propensity to save increases and the propensity to spend decreases to such a degree that we have a surplus of savings and a lack of money for the buying of goods. Under such circumstances, the thing that determines whether money will be invested is the market for the goods which the new facilities will produce.

At the present time, those who advocate the reduction of corporation taxes so as to give an incentive for new investment, and those who advocate the reduction of taxes on high incomes to encourage those people to "risk" their money, are doing the very thing which destroys any hope of ever making investments and which creates such a hazard that few individuals would be foolish enough to "risk" their money.

After World War I the collapse began in 1920, about a year and a half after the end of the war. This period was accompanied by a speculative spree and a rapid increase in prices which tended to create both buying power and profits. We certainly cannot hope for a longer period, especially when we consider that the boom didn't start until about six months after the end of that war. The fact that, thus far, there has been no serious unemployment makes the possibility of an early collapse even more likely. Thus we may well find that by September, 1946, we shall have reached the peak of our postwar production. So far there is absolutely nothing to indicate that we can look for "several years" of high production.

Washington, D. C.

CLARENCE ARMSTRONG

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Phil Heller, executive director of the International Solidarity Committee, Room 516, 303 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, invites American progressives to share in the work of the Committee, which provides direct correspondence between a European anti-fascist and an American who contributes to his support. "The Committee," he writes, "has established contact with European trade unions and anti-fascist groups and has received from them names and addresses of those anti-fascists who are in need. . . . Especially desperate is the plight of those Spanish Republicans in exile. . . . The Committee has just received an additional list of 1,000 names from the Spanish trade unions of cases described as 'the most desperate and deserving of help.'" Those writing to the Committee to adopt an anti-fascist are asking to state language preference; those who cannot adopt one are asked to contribute money so that the help may continue.

Lieutenant (jg) A. K. Davis, USNR, writes from Shanghai that "although the whole nation shares the moral blame for Pearl Harbor," the investigation should be used to expose the inertia and rigid mental isolation of regular Navy and Army thinking, which, he says, is such that, "had the personalities been different, the disaster would . . . have been exactly the same."

Books in Review

War and the Language

WORLD WAR I found us speaking English (of an inferior colonial vintage to be sure, but none the less English) and the modern literary language was just stirring within its straitjacket of puritanism. Henry Mencken had not yet reared his ugly head. Louise Pound was breaking with the genteel tradition of dilettante dialect study. Jespersen and McKnight, who might have been pioneers in the American field, were preoccupied with European English. Hans Kurath was a budding young German scholar. Leonard Bloomfield was writing about language, but few recognized his genius. George Philip Krapp was tentatively tinkering with American as a distinct linguistic phenomenon. *Dialect Notes* was reflecting some interest in regionalisms. Allen Walker Read, Cabell Greet, George P. Wilson, Harold Wentworth, Bernard Bloch, Guy Lowman, Alan Marckwardt, Don Hayakawa and other bright youngsters who have since contributed so much to the discovery of the American language were unheard of. Slang itself was considered rather disreputable, and hardly the proper subject for serious research.

Relatively few Americans were involved in World War I. Yet when they returned home they bore marks on their speech which would not come off. The more virulent elements of expression were for a while quarantined to the poolroom and the brothel. Then the study of dialects, heretofore largely an amateur activity, came into the hands of professional scholars; anticipated by Joyce, Sinclair Lewis showed a keen ear and a shrewd sense of mockery in reporting middle-class jargon; Ernest Hemingway brought the language of the social outlaws into full literary flower. Works like "What Price Glory?"—where taboo-words became common coin—caused the purists to yammer for censorship. But the lingo of the soldier had taken a foothold which resisted all attempts at disinfection. The residue of the speech of World War I is the soil from which the slang of World War II has burgeoned almost incredibly.

Supplementing this residue from the first war were all the linguistic forces unleashed when millions of men, drawn from every conceivable social and occupational level, were isolated from their home environments and kept closely together, forced by circumstances to create a new pattern of living. The reflection of this pattern is the tremendously fecund slang of our present armed forces. The development of this new way of living within so short a time would have been enough, in itself, to have instigated a terrific linguistic ferment. This ferment was not local; it was far-flung—in fact, worldwide. It was intensified by the fact that Americans are still close enough to the frontier to relish free-and-easy play with language—anybody's language, and especially their own. Instead of bringing home a few draggle-tailed malapropisms from French, as their fathers did in World War I, they have now plundered almost every language on the face of the globe.

In addition, the military forces of the Second World War were exceedingly diversified. Although the larger divisions were prominent, within these branches there were innumerable smaller divisions, each with a vast technological equipment, an indigenous organizational set-up and separate military problems; within these divisions the smaller units developed a close-knit feeling of camaraderie which sprang from a unity of purpose, a common self-interest, a similar if synthetic environment and the sharing of all troubles and pleasures, especially those involving food, women and military authority. Psychologically, each man resented the other, but the members of the squad dropped their individual dislikes in order to rival every other squad, and so on throughout companies, battalions, divisions, to other whole branches of the service. In the face of all sorts of pressures from outside, each unit, however small, developed group morale based on rivalry and a pattern of group behavior which distinguished it from other units; perhaps partly because individual action was regimented in so many ways, individuality came to be expressed through originality in speech, with the result that the normal rate of the formation of slang was stepped up perceptibly. By the same token, individuals sought refuge and even sanctuary within the shelter of the speech-pattern of the group, and thus slang was spread faster than would be the case in civilian life.

Each group was an ideal breeding-place for special slang, and a fluency in the use of that slang became the earmark of the initiate. Moreover, the seeds of unconventional idiom were already sown, for within the native linguistic matrix of each group were latent the forces which produce slang—the residue of the lingos and jargons of a thousand and one trades, occupations, professions; the technical languages of many industries; the rich flavor of rural dialects; a plentiful sprinkling of the argots of many criminal and semi-criminal professions, the grifters and gamblers and thieves. These spoken languages, always just beyond the fringe of printed respectability, are hotbeds for fostering the development of new group-slang. With the interminable shifting of men from one outfit to another, this slang was disseminated over the face of the earth at a highly accelerated rate compared to the spread of slang in peacetime. Most of it has not yet come home to roost.

This acceleration both in the production of slang and in its distribution adds up to a supplemental language of great size—so great that one is staggered at the thought of collecting and recording it, of analyzing it, of assimilating it into our present language. Perhaps we will find that we have a hundred thousand entries to deal with—perhaps more. This is not just an increase in our vocabulary; that is the least significant, although perhaps the most obvious to the civilian. There are fundamental changes in idiom, in syntax, and some in the very structure of the spoken language—changes which are now speedily transmitted to the printed language through the medium of hundreds of news organs written and published by men who have come to think in terms of military lingo. Thus the time-

lag between the coined slang locution and acceptance in print is reduced almost to zero; never in the history of the language has the spoken word been channeled so rapidly into the levels traditionally dominated by a standard or literary language; not since Elizabethan days has the connection between the two levels been so close.

As a point of departure for this brief and inadequate preview of the impact of the slang of the armed forces, the writer has had access to Mr. Robert Crowell's manuscript collection, which will, incidentally, be incorporated in a comprehensive Dictionary of American Slang prepared under his sponsorship. At hand also are Colby's *Army Talk*, Kendall and Viney's *Dictionary of Army and Navy Slang*, Taylor's *The Language of World War II* and other bibliographical materials. These are all valuable documents, though they all stress vocabulary only and none of them lays claim to being exhaustive—or even reasonably complete.

We are beginning to accept the idea that the language belongs to the people, that it is the collective voice of a civilization rather than the exclusive property of a small literary clique. While printed records are valuable sources of information about language, our most vital experience with language comes through people. For the literary artist as well as the linguist, the individual informant is taking on increasing significance. Therefore, more emphasis should be placed upon transcribing large blocks of speech from selected informants, followed by careful scientific analysis. It would take a large collection of phonograph records, tomes of phonetic transcription and painstaking analysis of these documents by psychologists, sociologists, anthropologists and linguists to give us that anatomy in full. The results of this research—that is, as much of it as we get around to doing—will constitute historical fact. But language waits for no man, and meanwhile the American language, both spoken and written, will have absorbed the impact of military slang with consequent changes, some of them in the very nature of its fabric.

You do not have to be a specialist to sense the vitality of military slang. Yet anyone with a curiosity about language begins to raise questions when he hears it. What do some of these strange words mean? Where do they come from? Were they already in the language before the war? If so, why haven't we heard them before? Aren't some of them borrowings from foreign languages? And some from native languages? By what shifts and processes have they acquired their present form and meaning? How do these unfamiliar locutions fit into the pattern of the language? All that is another story. The point to be made here is that meaning and the sources of meaning, the sheer communication of ideas, become almost secondary factors in the slang of special groups. The pleasure of using it, the prestige which comes with deft familiarity, the sense of "belonging" to the group, the ease with which it expresses moods and emotions and the fun of rolling it off the tongue are all strong motives for its use. And for military personnel it provides a key to psychological escape.

At the same time, this lingo is not that of an obscure group like, say, carnival grifters. There is nothing esoteric about it. It is a vast common language differing somewhat, it is true, from one branch of the service to another, and from one part of the world to another, but used, to a greater or less degree, by all men and women who have been in the

service. For millions of people it has become a vehicle for thought, the natural way of expressing themselves. So it can hardly be dismissed as a fad like jitterbug talk. It has strong deep roots in a way of life. If its growth has been too rapid, it has not been unnatural. It reflects the attitudes, the emotions, the ideas of a great body of our population living under the disciplines of military life. It is genuine.

It will take a series of books and articles to say anything final about this language. But, looking at it broadly and superficially, we are tempted to indicate several characteristic trends which are already obvious. The first is the extent to which mechanization has influenced the thinking and speaking of service men. Thousands upon thousands of technical words and phrases, along with locutions not commonly found in the vulgar speech, testify to the important part which mechanics, electronics, transportation, engineering, ballistics, medicine and a hundred other technical fields have played in the lives of men. One young major in the Armored Force tells me that he estimates that about three thousand technical words, most of them new coinages or adaptations, are used in the operation and maintenance of tanks and other armored vehicles alone. While many of these terms from all fields are taken over in their true technical sense, most of them rapidly acquire slang forms or meanings, or find convenient metaphorical application to situations in no way related to the original context.

The second point is that one major phase of American slang is no longer provincial; on the contrary, it represents the first large-scale manifestation of cosmopolitanism in spoken American since early Colonial days. For the first time, common, often uneducated Americans are reaching out for the words, phrases and ways of thought in every language with which they come in contact. While of course many foreign phrases are the victims of crude folk-etymology, many more are carefully preserved in both form and pronunciation and applied with great skill. Perhaps part of this budding linguistic cosmopolitanism is influenced by the brief but excellent foreign-language training given in some branches of the service—although those who take the course don't appear to be the most active in making the slang; perhaps, even more, it indicates that we are growing up linguistically and culturally.

Third, we cannot escape the infiltration of strong, salty phrases which combine humor and what the puritan elements might call obscenity—with most vigorous results. Our verbal taboos are being shattered by the hundred, with the resulting shockers sometimes disguised by giving only initials in the presence of women and children, a practice which only intensifies the titillation accompanying the violation of a taboo. Part of the humor also no doubt springs from hearing the uninitiated pick up and use abbreviations for phrases as yet unspeakable and unprintable on certain social levels. The universally popular SNAFU is a good example of this. (The other day I observed a society note to the effect that some subdebs were giving a SNAFU Dance.) This useful term has been followed by the even more vigorous TARFU, and its big brother in quintessence, FUBAR. Other humorous obscenities, often sinking to anal-erotic levels, are disguised by clippings and back-formations which permit currency of the low phrase without any but the initiate realizing the forceful connotations.

For instance, the reasons why the phrase *head-up* (or any of its numerous variants) refers to a stupid or inattentive person in the Air Corps cannot be set forth here. One day it will no doubt cause trouble for our etymologists. Some of these suggestive words which depend upon the hearer's knowing the unspoken background, constitute clever and subtle ribaldries; most of them are simply strong, visceral obscenity-symbols scattered through almost every sentence. At the rate they are moving into legitimate and even literary usage, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the American language may soon be charged as never before with high-voltage phrases. However, it must not be assumed that all this is mere linguistic heeltap, or the scurf and off-scourings of the gutters of the world; it is anything but decadent; rather, it is exuberant, aggressive, earthy language which enables the American to hold his own with anyone in invective. To those who have decried the monotony and lack of originality in American billingsgate, notice is hereby served that the language is being replenished.

The American language is remarkably absorptive. It is growing to keep pace with the times. As an instrument to express our culture, it is becoming ever more effective. Like our people, it is flexible and resilient. It has already come of age. While I distrust linguistic judgments made in terms of good and bad, I have the feeling that this inundation of military lingo, the full impact of which is yet to be felt, will have a wholesome effect on the natural growth of spoken and written American. It should serve as a freshening influence, a widening break with provincialism, with prudery and with the questionable standards of refinement which emasculated American literature of the early twentieth century and caused an attempted repudiation of slang after the First World War. We now have the writers who can use it, and the scholars to interpret it. It can become a vital part of the language. Let us hope that good taste and a sound sense of linguistic honesty, rather than bigoted censorship, will guide us in using this potent literary tool.

DAVID W. MAURER

With the Best Intentions

If He Hollers Let Him Go, by Chester B. Himes. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 249 pages. \$2.50.
The Man Who Was There, by Wright Morris. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 237 pages. \$2.50.

IF He Hollers Let Him Go is the story of Bob Jones, a young Negro from Ohio who works as a leaderman in a West Coast shipyard during the war. Bob has a natural sense of dignity, which brings him into conflict with the Southern whites on the job, and with anti-Negro prejudice in general. To begin with merits, I liked particularly Mr. Hime's inclusion of sexual equality among the Negroes' demands for justice, and the use he makes of this theme in depicting the relationship between his hero and one of the workers, Madge, a Southern bitch, who teases him, taunts him and finally frames him on a charge of rape. It is regarded as a well established fact of sociology that sexual equality is last on the list of Negroes' demands and also least in importance to them. But the moral that Mr. Himes seems to draw is that a free man does not count his rights

in order of importance, but feels himself entitled to enjoy them simultaneously, the great with the small. Which is correct as well as courageous. Accordingly, the scenes in which Madge and Bob are together are the best in the book; the author is on his surest ground, and his conviction gives free play to his insight. He also makes good use of various language patterns, jive, bourgeois stuffiness and social workers' terminology, representing the social classes that come within his range.

The Man Who Was There starts out very well in a wry, ironical manner, treating, among other things, of Grandmother Herkimer's senility. She has come, in her ninety-second year, to live with her two daughters, whom she no longer recognizes as her own. Granny wanders off the premises at night, gets lost, gets in the way and, by dying, creates an opportunity for Mr. Morris to amuse himself and his readers by drawing to the full on the absurdities of death. A mad funeral scene, involving transference of identity and a little girl's crawling into the grave in advance of the coffin, brings Part One to a promising close.

But this is as far as I got in my enthusiasm for either book, though much farther in the case of Mr. Himes's than in the other. *If He Hollers Let Him Go* is well sustained in action, but sacrifices too much to the melodramatic uses of violence. When Mr. Himes writes in his own person, abandoning the rhythms of jive or professionalism, he loses rhythm altogether; his style is a compact thing, known to the trade as "hard-hitting," acceptable because it is free of the major irritants of journalese, but lacking in real literary distinction. Moreover, his book fails as a work of serious reflection on the Negro problem through a basic irresoluteness. Bob

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is shown to have but two alternatives: to accept the values of his light-skinned fiancée, Alice the social worker, who wants him to study law, make the most of his limited opportunities as a Negro and climb as high as he can, socially and professionally; or to take the practically suicidal risk of his militancy, which will satisfy his sense of human dignity but leave him frustrated in every other respect. At one point in the novel Bob appears to have repudiated Alice and the compromises that she stands for (the characterization of Alice has been directed toward this end). But there is a sudden shift in the final section and instead Bob repudiates his militancy, his pride and violence and plans to marry Alice, which leaves the novel with no real conclusion; for the principle of his original rejection of Alice's world is not revoked by his coming to terms with that world. The dénouement, furthermore, in which Madge brings a charge of rape against him (the charge, patently false, is dropped when he agrees to enter the Army), does not really prove that Bob was wrong to compromise with the white world by way of his engagement to Alice, for the frame-up is not a consequence of his engagement, and the moral—that it is useless to expect justice from the whites—was obviously known to him when he decided to take a chance on bourgeois success. Compromise is shown to be a calculated risk rather than an enlightening error.

The Man Who Was There peters out completely. Much use is made of a photograph album to tell the story of Agee Ward, the indirect hero, whose character, for the most part, is traced through his effect on other people—his best friend names his son after him when Agee is reported missing in action; an old maid gets married, somehow through his influence, and also decides to name her son after him, etc. Mr. Morris is far from consistent in his irony. The same sort of folksy folk whom he depicts so well in the first part of the book are treated to a broad, homespun endorsement in a subsequent section. I don't know what it is about the bucolic mood that always combines plain folks with fancy prose. *E.g.*: "Now the land was tall and green with corn or bronze where the wind sloped a field of grain, but the sky was what the land had memory of." Corn is every bit as good as spinach for setting your teeth on edge.

ISAAC ROSENFELD

A Reader's List

PLANNING NO. 242. RETREAT FROM PARENTHOOD

(Political and Economic Planning. Available through the *New Republic*, 25 cents). The retreat from parenthood, says PEP in this excellent broadsheet, is a voluntary process originating in the industrial revolution. The editors admit that their analysis is tentative, yet the evidence indicates that modern conditions make modern families small. The family was at one time a producing as well as a consuming unit; only the latter function remains now. The unquestioned need for factory legislation and for compulsory education also have added to the financial handicaps of rearing children. "The state, which by its own actions has converted the child into a not inexpensive dependent, was not prepared [until recently] to give parents any compensatory financial aid for the burden of child maintenance." The fear of insecurity and unemployment and the "conspicuous consumption" of an industrial culture also inhibited the desire for large families. Yet we have the

available means for eradicating that fear and for lifting the financial burdens of industrialism. State measures to foster planned parenthood must be adopted, for the test of a progressive society is whether or not "it offers to its citizens . . . a set of values in which parenthood ranks high."

TRENDS IN COLLECTIVE BARGAINING, by S. T. Williamson and Herbert Harris. Recommendations by the Labor Committee (Twentieth Century Fund, \$2.). The recommendations of the Fund's Labor Committee list a number of proposals that will probably appear to be of doubtful value to trade-union advocates. The committee, which included three economists, three industrialists and two labor representatives, suggests that employers establish industrywide associations to negotiate with unions; that federal and state tribunals be set up to enforce "fair" union practices; that union finances be open to public examination; and that trade unions establish more democratic internal procedures. The committee's plea for a larger measure of labor-management coöperation does not counterbalance this dubious program. Mr. Williamson and Mr. Harris, on the other hand, present a well organized and able summary of recent experience in collective bargaining. They review the problems of bargaining units and recognition, wages, hours and job security. Their report also includes noteworthy discussions of labor and technology and of the human side of bargaining procedures.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

DEATH, MY DARLING DAUGHTERS, by Jonathan Staggs (Crime Club, \$2). Emily Lanchester, beautiful widowed daughter of a Vice President, and a good deal of an octopus, brings her two grown daughters back from abroad to the ancestral home in Connecticut. Emily is—oh so nicely—on the make, and the girls lead a dog's life to the accompaniment of their mother's pretty solicitude for their happiness. But when murder strikes, Dr. Westlake, the local M. D., proves a hard man to fool. A divertissement to be recommended.

THE FEARFUL PASSAGE, by H. C. Branson (Simon and Schuster, \$2). When John Bent is called in to investigate the murder of Gavin Hunter, wealthy esthete (his much older wife left him a packet) and all-around nasty character, the state has an open-and-shut case against Hunter's step-son, young Tom Shepherd. It doesn't take Bent long to discover that things are seldom what they seem, though he needs all his wits to bring the murder home to the guilty person. Better than average.

NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES, by George Hopley (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2.50). The publishers list this as a novel, but actually it is a flossy, tremendously padded, psychological whodunit. The death of Jean Reid's father has been prophesied for a certain date, and fear is killing him as surely as a bullet when Detective Tom Shawn brings the resources of the police into the situation. Mr. Hopley's tale furnishes some excellent suspense and a few authentic chills.

E. H.

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